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MAGIC OF THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORKE.

Though Spring had, for weeks, been making timid and silent advances, Winter had hitherto so vigorously repelled her approach, that the lake, which, in the summer-time, used to dance and sparkle to the breeze and sunshine, or, in the hush of evening, to mirror the moon or the stars, was still covered with a bridge, three feet thick, of solid ice. Under the stone fences, the snow, accumulated by many a fierce and blinding storm, lay in large drifts; but they no longer retained the charm of a pure, unsullied surface. The bleak winds of March and April had scattered over them shreds of decayed leaves and withered grass, and, if in the neighborhood of a dwelling-house, they were dinged with the sooty particles wafted from the chimneys.

The way that the ice and snow resisted the genial influence diffused through the air by the now lingering sunbeams and the balmy breath of Spring, was truly characteristic of the tenacity with which Old Winter maintains his foot-hold in New England, that favorite corner of his realm.

I was not long in finding out that, as far as the sports and pleasures peculiar to rural life are concerned, I had left the city several weeks too soon. But it was not solely for the sake of these, that I had visited the country. My aunt, Mrs. Mary Enfield, had requested my presence, to negotiate some business relative to a valuable estate which was in the market, and which she was very desirous to purchase. The owner, however, day after day, though he professed to be anxious to sell, eluded coming to terms. I grew impatient; and, although I had not yet finished studying the profession I had chosen—that of the law—and had brought all the books I needed with me, I threatened, in my own mind, more than once, to return to the city.

Even when the sun shone, the prospect from my Aunt Mary's windows was unsightly enough; but in cloudy weather, or during a storm, it would have been impossible for anything to look more dreary and forlorn. The green foliage

of the oaks and maples, through which, when I last made my aunt a visit, the summer wind made such sweet music, was now lying in thick masses at their feet, or so beaten down by the peltings of the Autumn rains, succeeded by the long-sustained pressure of their late covering of snow, as to be almost incorporated with the withered and faded grass.

I believe I should have put my silent threat into execution, and returned to my home in the city, had not a bluebird, which came every morning to a maple bough that waved close to my chamber window, while it sunned its brilliant plumage, indulged now and then in evanescent, though delicious and rapturous, gushes of melody; preludes, no doubt, to the full tide of song it was hoarding in its heart, for the time when he and his mate would have a nest in the midst of the fresh green foliage, which ere long would clothe that very bough.

Much as I loved to listen to its clear, mellow voice, and to watch it, as it turned its head, first to one side, then to the other, as if to select the most graceful and convenient spray whereon to build its summer residence, I knew not then, that, borne on those golden waves of song, floated the brightest of the Sibylline leaves on which was written my future destiny in life. Yet so it was. As I listened to its fitful song, it appeared to me an unconscious overflow of the joy in its heart—an irrepressible utterance of a lively and cheering faith in the speedy arrival of the time (though all around looked so barren and desolate) when he could look abroad on verdant and flowery fields, and when the air would be redolent of fragrant odors. Hence, feeling rebuked and humbled at my own moody and impatient spirit, I was determined to remain with my aunt till the business was properly attended to, which required my presence. Thus did my little bluebird prove to me like the bird of the oriental land, which flies always in the air, and is accounted a bird of happy omen, as every head it overshades, it is said, will in time wear

a crown; for, though I knew not that the shadow of the bluebird ever fell directly on my head, it was certainly a bird of happy omen, for it was the means of my obtaining the crown spoken of in the Book of Proverbs, and which, after a dozen years' experience, I consider of greater value than the costliest diadem which ever encircled the brows of royalty.

Having made up my mind to remain where I was as long as was needful, I soon got the better of the demon of restlessness and impatience which haunted me. Instead of watching with a feverish anxiety for the tardy steps of Spring, I so lost myself in business and in books that, one day when I ascended a neighboring hill, and looked abroad over the pastures and fields, I was surprised to see them, here and there, brightened with streaks and patches of a fresh, delicate green; while, at the margin of a brook that dashed and sparkled over the rocks obstructing its course, the verdure had taken a deeper and more vivid tone, and was already starred with white-leaved flowers.

A week later, in one of my rambles, which I now took daily, I met with Ophelia Vane. Though I had never before seen her, for she had been absent from home a number of weeks, I recognized her by the description I had heard Aunt Mary give of her. I had listened with attention, more because I liked the name, than for any other reason; for the Ophelia of Hamlet, ever since I read about her, had been to my imagination like a flower in its morning bloom, made purer and holier by the weight of the fragrant dew which keeps it from lifting its fair head to the garish light of day. For a female of coarse personal appearance, and displaying a lack of moral and mental culture, to have borne the name of Ophelia, would have seemed to me almost an anomaly; which shows that I was somewhat prone to let fancy and imagination get the better of reason and judgment, and, I might add, experience, for in most cases I had been woefully disappointed. Yet, when suddenly and unexpectedly I came upon Ophelia Vane, who had been screened by a clump of willows, from which she was just breaking a few sprays, with their soft, silky tassels of yellowish green, the graceful garniture which precedes the expansion of the slender and pliant leaves, she appeared to me in perfect keeping with the Ophelia of my imagination.

She wore a gipsy hat, which, of all coverings for the female head, harmonizes the best with rural scenes. The balmy breeze can, at will, steal under the broad brim, and give a livelier and fresher tinge to the wearer's cheeks, and play with the bright, wavy tresses it finds there, and now and then, with a sudden puff, send them floating abroad on the golden sunshine.

Ophelia had bound the low crown of her hat with a wreath, which she had probably woven since she commenced her ramble, for I could see the gleam of scarlet partridge-berries, surrounded by their dark, glassy leaves, neither leaves nor berries having lost aught of their freshness from lying all winter beneath the snow. As she stood poised on a rock, rising rather sharply from the shallow stream that

half imbedded it, and which swept with a graceful curve close to the willow tree from which she was breaking the tasseled sprays, there was in her form and attitude an airy grace—a bird-like buoyancy, I had never seen equalled.

The sound of my footsteps, which had been sharp and grating, as I crossed a little gravel-covered bridge that spanned the stream, was hushed in the thick, velvety grass that grew on the opposite side, so that she had no warning of my approach. I had arrived within a few feet of her, and was passing on without venturing to address her, when, letting go the willow branch, she suddenly turned, and sprang lightly from the rock to the green margin of the stream.

She was a little startled at finding herself in such near proximity to a stranger, as I could tell by the quick, rosy flush which spread from her cheeks to her forehead and temples. It was, however, a very little, and she soon recovered herself.

What would be rude in a city, or even village, may, in a retired rural district, be sometimes classed among the social amenities of life; and I therefore ventured to bid her "Good morning." She frankly responded to my salutation; and a few white violets, delicately streaked with purple, which peeped forth from amid the grass, (and which vie with the snowy blooms of the wild strawberry, in being among the first flowers to open their hearts to the Spring sunshine,) by affording a pretext for a few remarks, served to melt away the icy fetters of reserve.

Though we did not hurry in the least, as we walked along, talking of other flowers as well as violets, in what appeared to me an incredibly short time, we had arrived at her father's door. Mr. Vane, coming from a different direction, arrived nearly at the same moment. We had already met several times, and I gladly accepted his invitation, given with a frankness and cordiality which could not be misconstrued, to go into the house and spend a half-hour with them. During the interview, Ophelia rose in my estimation. I had, doubtless, met many a young girl in society, who, some might think, was as lovely and graceful, if not as intelligent and good, as Ophelia Vane, though there were none that had appeared so to me.

Time went on, and we met almost daily. All she said or did, and it was so from the first, possessed the charm of perfect naturalness. There was, I felt certain, no disguise about her, and her bloom of heart was still fresh. I always expected her to appear lovely and graceful: I should have as soon looked for a lily to seem otherwise, as it swayed to the gentle current that rippled the bosom of the lake.

The time was at hand when I should be obliged to return to the city. There was no real necessity for me to remain even a day longer, but I could not decide on the time of my departure, till I had, at least, asked of Ophelia leave to write to her. I had had many opportunities to make the request, yet, though I was not more bashful than is usual for young men of my age, I had let them all slip. The truth was, my fortune was yet to be made, and I had no means

of making it, except by my profession, which, as I had not yet been admitted to the bar, would require some little time. I, therefore, had not felt exactly satisfied, in my own mind, that it would not be trenching on dangerous ground, to seek to engage her in even what is termed a friendly correspondence. I had, however, succeeded in arguing myself out of what I was pleased to call "that notion," and to look disdainfully on what I fain would have believed to be false logic.

As I turned my steps towards Mr. Vane's, I made up my mind that I would no longer delay to mention how much pleasure I should derive from an epistolary correspondence with her, and leave the subject for her consideration till the ensuing day, though, in my secret heart, I believed that she would be willing to at once accede to the proposition.

It was a warm evening, the first of June, and the curtains being drawn aside from the open windows to admit the air, I could see Ophelia, while I was yet some distance from the house, standing by a table, on which a lamp was burning, reading a letter. No other person was in the room, but her mother entered when I had nearly reached the outer door.

"A letter, Ophelia?" said her mother. "Who is it from?"

"Horace."

Ophelia raised her head, as she spoke, and I thought that I never before saw her look so radiantly beautiful. Her whole countenance was beaming with a joyous and brilliant light, which could alone spring from the heart.

"What does Horace say?" inquired Mrs. Vane.

"That we may expect to see him soon—very soon. I should not be surprised if he should be here to-morrow, or next day."

"It will be a pleasure quite unexpected," said Mrs. Vane. "I was thinking that the last time, before this, that we heard from him, he mentioned he should not be able to come till September. But I suspect that the attraction was too great for him to resist," she added smiling.

Ophelia smiled in return, but made no answer. After hearing thus much, instead of going in, I turned to retrace my steps. I had not gone far, when I saw Mr. Vane coming through a field at a little distance. I did not feel in a mood for entering into conversation with him, and kept on, thinking he might not have noticed me. I soon found that I was mistaken.

"Good morning, Mr. Enfield," said he. "I saw you coming towards the house, when I first started to cross the field, and expected that you were going to favor us with a call."

"I did think of calling," I replied, "but the evenings are very short now, and I suspect that it is already nearly, or quite, nine o'clock."

"Even if it is, we shall have an hour for pleasant chat. You know that we make longer evenings at our house than most of our neighbors."

It was not so much what he said, as his manner of saying it, which made me turn and walk by his side. I, moreover, knew that he regarded me with great favor. I could not be mistaken;

he was too open-hearted to dissemble. I had thought that his daughter was like him, in this respect; but then I knew, or had, rather, heard it said, that it is not easy to understand a woman.

Ophelia, who had refolded her letter, still held it in her hand, as we entered. She was evidently too happy to behave by rule, and manifested so much more pleasure at seeing me than she had ever done before, that, had it not been for that letter from "Horace," I should have felt very much flattered. Now, believing that I knew that this ebullience of joy was attributable to that very letter, I assumed towards her a manner as frigid and repellent as possible. She, for a moment, bent on me a keen look of inquiry, and then took a chair as remote from where I was seated as the size of the room would permit.

After a few moments, I stole a glance at her, and could see that she looked grave and thoughtful. I felt extremely uncomfortable, and it was with an effort that I sustained my part in the discussion of a topic started by Mr. Vane. He soon became aware of this, and the conversation flagged. There was an awkward silence for what appeared to me a long time, which was broken by Mrs. Vane.

"Did you know," said she, addressing her husband, "that Ophelia has got a letter from Horace?"

"No, I did not. Well, I'm always glad to hear from Horace. What did he write, daughter?"

"That he expects to be here soon. He rather thinks to-morrow or next day. The letter was written a week ago, but, as we've had no chance to send to the post-office, it has been lying there several days."

"And is the knot to be tied this time?"

"O, no!" replied Ophelia, "not till the seventh of September—the day that has been set ever since last January."

I could not help looking Ophelia steadily in the face; and the calm, unblushing manner in which she answered her father's questions inspired me with surprise. It appeared to me very much like boldness.

"It is only three months to the seventh of September," said Mr. Vane. "Perhaps, Mr. Enfield, you will still be here. If you are, you must come to the wedding."

I thanked him very coldly, and told him that I expected to leave in the morning.

"I am sorry for that," said he, "partly on my own account, and partly because it will prevent you from seeing Horace. To confess the truth, I am rather proud of him."

I had looked to see what effect the announcement of my intended departure had on Ophelia, but she had risen from her chair, and stood with her back towards me, looking out of the window. The next minute she quickly crossed the room, and left the house by the front entrance. Mrs. Vane rose and followed her, and then were heard words of joyous greeting.

"That hateful Horace has arrived," I said to myself; and quickly rising, I told Mr. Vane that it was time for me to go.

"Don't be in a hurry," said he. "Stay a few minutes, and see who has come."

"My presence may be deemed intrusion," said I.

Instead of replying to my remark, he said:

"O! I know who it is now. It is our Hannah—I can tell by her voice. Well, it will save sending for her; for it wouldn't do for her to be absent when Horace comes."

"Why is it of so much importance that she should be here when he comes?" I inquired.

"Because he would be rather disappointed if his intended should be absent when he arrives, and I guess she would be, too."

"Hannah? Is she the one this Horace you've been speaking of is to be married to, the seventh of next September?"

"To be sure she is, and an excellent match it will be, too. Hannah is one of the best and prettiest girls in the world; and no wonder, for she was the child of my youngest sister, who is dead and gone now. Poor Bessie! she had few equals. Hannah has lived with us ever since she died, till about six or seven months ago, when she went away to attend school. We have no good school in this place, except for small children. Horace Talbot, the young man she expects to be married to, is the son of one of the best men in the place, and he bids fair to be as good a man as his father."

The entrance of Mrs. Vane and Ophelia, accompanied by Hannah, prevented him from saying anything more in the praise of Horace. Hannah was as pretty as he had represented her, though her beauty was certainly of an inferior type to Ophelia's.

I now felt heartily ashamed of my suspicion, which had caused me to manifest a reserve bordering, as I feared, on moroseness, and I strove to do away any disagreeable impression, which might tell against me. We were soon in the full tide of the best kind of social enjoyment—that which flows from a culture of the affections, as well as of the mind.

Hannah, after a while, found opportunity to steal away to read the letter of Horace Talbot, which had been sent to Ophelia instead of her, as he did not certainly know whether she was at home, or still at school.

Previously to bidding them "good night," I had concluded to postpone my departure for, at least, one day longer. Though nearly eleven when I arrived at my aunt's, I found her busily engaged in reading. At my entrance she laid aside her book.

"That is a fine estate," said she, "you have succeeded in purchasing for me, and the question is, what am I to do with it?"

"A question," said I, "which I should think may be easily settled. It is the finest domain within twenty miles of here, and is in the right state for those embellishments which it will give you so much pleasure to plan and superintend. It is worth a good deal when employment and pleasure can go hand in hand."

"It is as you say," was her answer. "But I can find them both here, as well as there; and I think I shall feel better contented to remain at the old place. There are plenty of flowers to cultivate, and there isn't a shrub, bush, or

tree, that doesn't seem like an old friend. I think I've a better plan—one that I've set my heart on, to speak the plain truth."

"I should like to know what it is," said I.

"Well, I thought, if you would accept of it, I would give the place to you."

"Aunt Mary, are you in earnest?"

"Certainly. It will make a home for you; and if you love your profession too well to give it up, you will, I dare say, find something to do at it, even in this out-of-the-way place."

"O, there will be no trouble on that score. But am I to keep bachelor's hall?"

"That, I suppose, will be at your own option."

"I am not certain of that. I don't know but I shall be obliged to, unless I could persuade you to be my housekeeper."

"Well, if you can find no one else that will answer, you may depend on me for the first three months. But I should not be surprised if you find one over to neighbor Vane's that will suit you. At any rate, I advise you to make the trial."

"And what if I should fail?"

"You think there is danger?"

"I am by no means certain there is not."

"Well, I am," said my aunt, and as I shrewdly suspected she had good reason for what she said, I was not long in acting on her advice.

How well I succeeded, any one who will call and spend a few hours, or days, as leisure will permit, at "Willow Brook," the name which I have given to the place so generously bestowed on me by my Aunt Mary, may have opportunity to know. I would remark, if obliged to inquire the way, not to imagine yourself misdirected if a handsome house is pointed out to you, in the vicinity of which is almost every kind of tree indigenous to the soil, except the willow. The brook on whose margin grow the willows, which suggested the name, and where I first met with Ophelia, cannot be seen from the road: an orchard, and then a grove of elms and maples, must first be crossed, when a gleam of its silver waters may be caught through the willow leaves. Its voice, too, may be heard, weaving its music with the whispers of the wind, as it sparkles among the sedges and smooth pebbles, and sweeps round the identical rock, where Ophelia stood breaking from the tree the tasseled sprays.

ECONOMISTS have long been inquiring what is the best disposal of the industry of the human race. Ah! if I could only discover the best disposal of its leisure! It is easy enough to find it work; but who will find it relaxation? Work supplies the daily bread; but it is cheerful-ness which gives it a relish. Philosophers! go in quest of pleasure! find us amusements without brutality, enjoyments without selfishness.

THE low voice which speaks in our breasts is always a friendly voice, for it tells us what we are, that is to say, what is our capability.

ON THE INFINITE DIVISIBILITY OF MATTER.

BY HARLAND COULTAR.

Divisibility is that property in matter which allows of its being divided into parts; these parts are again separable into other and minuter particles, and so on, if we regard matter mathematically, *ad infinitum*.

Whether matter be infinitely divisible or not, is a question which the limited nature of our faculties renders it impossible to answer. The science of chemistry has pointed out a series of facts respecting the proportions in which bodies combine, and it is now generally believed that the ultimate elements into which matter resolves itself, consist of certain minute imperceptible atoms which are incapable of further subdivision. But these atoms, where are they? Like the points and lines of mathematicians they exist only in the imagination of the philosopher.

When it is said, for instance, that a line is length without breadth, it is obvious that to draw such a line is practically impossible; we may make an approximation, and, with delicate instruments, draw one so fine that it can only be distinguished by a microscope. This is the case with the lines of the micrometer scale, used for the purpose of measuring microscopic objects. A millimetre, or the tenth part of an inch, is divided into one hundred equal parts by fine lines drawn parallel to each other, which are graved on a fine glass plate, by means of a diamond fixed in a machine. This is a great triumph of art; but after all, such lines possess breadth, and therefore are not, strictly speaking, mathematical lines. It is the same with atoms. The minutest particle of matter which the human mind can fancy, must exist as an extended, figured, substance. For if matter exists at all, it must exist with these its essential properties. If so, it possesses bulk, and if we place the aforesaid particle on a perfectly smooth surface or table, the uppermost side of it will be further from the table than the undermost side; it is therefore clearly divisible in imagination, although it ceases to be any longer divisible by art. The Atomic Theory must, therefore, after all be ever *only a theory*.

We have many surprising instances of the minute division of matter by art. The gold beaters, for instance, can beat gold into leaves so thin, that if 300,000 of them were laid on one another, they would not be an inch thick. One single grain of gold admits being drawn out into a wire 98 yards long, and an equestrian statue may be gilded all over with a gold dollar. Yet all this is nothing when compared with the extent to which nature goes in the division of matter.

The effluvium which excites the sense of smell, consists of an incalculable number of small particles of matter given forth by the perfuming body, and so minute as to be altogether invisible to the eye. The effluvium given forth by a grain of musk has been known to perfume an apartment for twenty years, and yet

at the expiration of that time, there was no sensible diminution of the musk.

The light from a candle, placed in the open air, when the atmosphere is calm, may be seen on a dark night, two miles off. The luminous particles which extend from it in all directions, must therefore fill the concave surface of a hemisphere, whose base is more than twelve and a half miles in circumference.

The solution of solids in fluids furnishes us with another instance of the divisibility of matter. A piece of loaf sugar put into a cup of tea, is immediately separated into particles so small, as to be altogether imperceptible to the eye, which particles are diffused equally through all parts of the fluid.

If sixteen quarts of water be poured into a large glass jar, three quarters of a grain of cochineal if thrown into the water will communicate a color to the entire mass.

But the powers of the microscope have indeed revealed wonders to us in this particular. The unassisted vision of man takes in, in a series, the animated chain of nature, from the elephant to the mite, and at this point commences a new order of animated existences, animalculæ, in some instances so small that three hundred millions of them would not cover the surfaces of a grain of sand. No naturalist ever yet was able to ascertain the point at which existence terminates; on the contrary, there is every reason to suppose that there is a class of animalculæ beyond those which the most powerful microscope has yet revealed. Some of these little beings are highly organised, having a complete circulatory and digestive system. How exceedingly minute must be their organs, vessels and fluids! How delicate the processes carried on in them! A whale requires an ocean to swim in; a hundred millions of these creatures would find ample room for all their evolutions in a drop.

It is obvious from these considerations that matter is indestructible. Every atom bears on it the impress of its everlasting and infinite Author. The doctrine of definite proportions is confirmatory of the language of Holy Writ, and reminds us of its sublime description of the power of One, "who has weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." Matter may disappear from immediate observation, but it is nevertheless still in existence. It disappears only to enter into new arrangements and combinations. You may crush the parts of a body to powder, melt it into a liquid, and, by a still intenser application of heat, dilate it into a gas and dissipate it in vapor, but it still continues in being, and in many instances, can be collected again into a body without change of form. Mercury and water may be converted into vapor without the loss of a single particle. The decay and ultimate disappearance of organised bodies, animals and plants, is only a

process by which their associated particles are again liberated in order that they may enter into new living combinations. Thus death itself becomes the source of life.

There must be death in order that there may be life. There is but a limited amount of matter existing in Nature, and its appearance in any living fabric, implies a draught on her resources which would be speedily exhausted, if there were not an equivalent amount returned in that death and disintegration to which all are subject.

Wherever there is life there is attraction. Each germinating seed, what is it but a centre of attraction around which dead inorganic matter collects to be moulded into a living organized form. Wherever there is death, there is repulsion. The plant or animal decays and disappears. Both are alike resolved by the repulsive principle into earthly elements and invisible gases, and the atoms held together by life thus sundered by death again roam through the universe, and gather around the living centres of attraction.

The matter which composes the fabric of living bodies, is therefore only borrowed from the earth and atmosphere, and united together by the operation of natural laws for a little space of time.

What life borrows, death will sooner or later claim. The living incur a debt which must be paid. Matter is the grand circulating medium of Nature, and all that is loaned, even to the minutest particle, must be returned. Nothing is ever lost by Nature. Death is the agent employed to enforce the claim, and we must surrender what we have appropriated. We may be unwilling to pay the debt, but in this instance at least no fraud can be practised. We may cheat our fellow men out of "their own," but Nature NEVER.

It is this ceaseless return of organizable materials which keeps up this continuity of the stream of life and renders the fountain inexhaustible. Hence the matter of which every animal and vegetable was formed in the earliest ages, is still in existence. We ourselves are composed of matter as old as the Creation; in time we too shall decay and disappear, as our fathers have done before us, and thus resign the matter of which we are composed to form new existences.

But ere we quit this scene of brief and busy existence, we can impart to our children the benefit of our experience. We can teach them to shun the follies into which we ourselves have fallen, so that they may pass through life more happily than we have done.

TOO SOON.

BY FANNY FALES.

Too soon—too soon! From the torn heart ascends,
To Him whom in our anguish we forget,
This pleading wail: The Pitying Angel bends
O'er lips that cry—"Not yet."

O God, forgive thy creatures, erring, blind,
Whose hearts are sore with the rough ills that fret;
And seeing not the cloud is "silver lined,"
Cry out, "Too soon! not yet!"

Forgive, forgive us that, while angels reach
For buds and blossoms, by our sobbing wet;
We strive to hide them, earnestly beseech,
Pleading—"Not yet! not yet!"

A mother wrestled for her darling boy,
Saying, with white lips that his parched ones met,
"Spare, oh my God! spare! Thou must not destroy!
Too soon! Not yet—not yet!"

He grew to manhood, died a death of shame,
Wringing her heart with agonized regret—
The tender Father knoweth our weak frame,
Trust Him, nor cry—*Not yet.*

Lone ones aweary, and athirst for love,
With eyes, long seeking, faded and tear-wet,

When the sweet angels beckon them above
Cry they, "Too soon—Not yet?"

When the glad soul bursts from her chrysalis,
Doth she forget her earth home? ere forget
Its loved ones? Tender voices miss
That cried, "O go not yet?"

When Love's wings, weary of their nest, would fly,
What nestled there so trustingly, forgot;
O, then, his chilled plumes touching mournfully
We seem to say,—*Not yet!*

The path of Duty, o'er the rough, and dim,
Leadeth to light—we look without regret
Back on the way when trodden, with a hymn,
Wondering we cried—*Not yet.*

The Soul upon the borders of the Vale,
Her feet already in the Shadows set;
Sendeth this cry, oft, to the Angel pale:
"Too soon! Not yet—not yet!"

Smite thou the waters that we pass dry-shod—
The deep Red Sea of Death—Beloved ones met—
Singing like Miriam—ne'er again, O God,
To cry—*Too soon! Not yet!*

A N O B L E B O Y.

A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said one of his companions, "for if your father should find out that you had taken them, he is so kind he would not hurt you." "That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true, my

father would not touch me; yet my disobedience I know would hurt my father; and that would be worse to me than anything else." A boy who grows up with such principles, would be a man in the best sense of the word. It betrays a regard for rectitude that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

HINTS FOR HUSBANDS.

There is an article afloat in the papers entitled "Golden Rules for Wives," which enjoins upon the ladies a rather abject submission to their husbands' will and whims. In rules, not golden ones, we should call them. But the art of living together in harmony is a very difficult art; and, instead of confuting the positions of the authors of the Rules aforesaid, we offer the following, as the substance of what a wife likes in a husband :

Fidelity is her heart's first and most just demand. The act of infidelity a true wife can not forgive—it rudely breaks the tie that bound her heart to his, and *that tie can never more exist.*

The first place in her husband's affections no true wife can learn to do without. When she loses that, she has lost her husband; she is a widow; and has to endure the pangs of bereavement intensified by the presence of what she no longer possesses. There is a living mummy in the house, reminding her of her loss in the most painful manner.

A woman likes her husband to excel in those qualities which distinguish the masculine from the feminine being, such as strength, courage, fortitude and judgment. She wants her husband to be wholly a **MAN**. She can not entirely love one whom she can not entirely respect, believe in, and rely on.

A wife dearly likes to have her husband stand high in the regard of the community in which they reside. She likes to be thought by her own sex a fortunate woman in having such a husband as she has. She has a taste for the respectable, desires to have a good-looking front-door, and to keep up a good appearance generally. Some wives, it is said, carry this too far; and some husbands, we know, are dangerously complaisant in yielding to the front-door ambition of their wives. But a good husband will like to gratify his wife in this respect, as far as he can, without sacrificing more important objects.

Perfect sincerity a wife expects, or at least has a right to expect, from her husband. She desires to know the real state of the case, however it may be concealed from the world. It wrings her heart and wounds her pride to discover that her husband has not wholly confided in her. A man may profitably consult his wife on almost any project; it is due to her that he should do so, and she is glad to be consulted.

Above most other things, a wife craves from her husband appreciation. The great majority of wives lead lives of severe and anxious toil. With unimaginable anguish and peril to their own lives they become mothers. Their children require incessant care. "Only the eye of God watches like a mother's," says Fanny Fern in that chapter of "Ruth Hall" which depicts with such power and truth a mother's agonizing anxieties. And besides her maternal cares, a wife is the queen-regent of a household kingdom. She has to think, and plan, and work for everybody. If, in all her labors and cares, she feels that she has her husband's sympathy and grati-

tude, if he helps her where a man can help a woman, if he notices her efforts, applauds her skill, and allows for her deficiencies—all is well. But to endure all this, and yet meet with no appreciating word or glance or act from him for whom and whose she toils and bears, is very bitter.

A wife likes her husband to show her all due respect in the presence of others; she can not endure to be reproved or criticised by him when others can hear it. Indeed, it is most wrong in a husband thus to put his wife to shame; and we can not help secretly admiring the spirit of that French woman, who, when her husband had so wronged her, refused ever again to utter a word, and for twenty years lived in the house a dumb woman. We admire her spirit, though not her mode of manifesting it. Husbands owe the most profound respect to their wives, for their wives are the mothers of their children. No man has the slightest claim to the character of a gentleman who is not more scrupulously polite to his wife than to any other woman. We refer here to the essentials of politeness, not its forms; we mean kindness and justice in little things.

A wife likes her husband to be considerate. Unexpected kindnesses and unsolicited favors touch her heart. She appreciates the softened tread when she is sick; she enjoys the gift brought from a distance, and everything which proves to her that her husband thinks of her comfort and her good.

Husband, reflect on these things. Your wife has confidined her happiness to you. You can make it unspeakably wretched, if you are ignoble and short sighted. Let the contest between husbands and wives be this: Which shall do most for the happiness of the other.—*Life Illustrated.*

RECOLLECTIONS.

Do you remember all the sunny places
Where, in bright days, long past, we played together?
Do you remember all the old home faées
That gathered round the hearth in wintry weather?
Do you remember all the happy meetings,
In summer evenings, round the open door—
Kind looks, kind hearts, kind words, and tender
greetings,
And clasping hands, whose pulses beat no more?
Do you remember them?

Do you remember all the merry laughter?
The voices round the swing in our old garden;
The dog that, when we ran, still followed after;
The teasing frolic, sure of speedy pardon?
We were but children *then*, young, happy creatures,
And hardly knew how much we had to lose;
But now the dreamlike memory of those features
Comes back, and bids my darkened spirit muse.
Do you remember them?

MRS. NORTON.

ACOUSTICS.

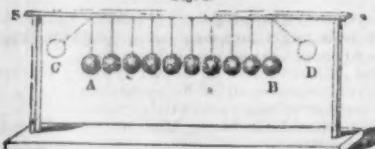
The way in which sound is produced is by an elastic substance being put into a state of vibration, by some means, which then imparting its motions to the air, is by that medium transferred to the ear, and thence to the nerves, provided to make us sensible of the effect produced. If a glass tumbler be struck with the finger, it vibrates and produces a certain sound. But in consequence of the rapidity of its motions, the vibrations cannot well be distinguished; a certain faintness of outline will, however, be perceptible on the rim. If a small light ball, as a pea, be suspended by a string so as to hang close

Fig. 1.

to the edge of the glass; when the tumbler is again struck with the finger—or excited by drawing a violin-bow across the rim—the ball will fly off from the glass, and then falling back, it will again be struck off, and so on, until the vibration ceases. If the glass, while in a state of vibration, be brought near to where the sun shines through a window, the minute particles of dust floating in the atmosphere, which are seen in the vivid light of the sunbeam, will be put into a state of violent commotion, showing plainly the vibration of the air from the impulse of the vibrating glass.

The way in which the motion of the sounding body is propagated through the air, is similar to the circle of waves which arise on throwing a stone into a pool of water. Although the waves are perceived at a distance of some hundred feet from the place where the stone fell, yet the individual drop of water which the stone first touched, has not moved perhaps at all. The motion being transferred from one particle to another, over a large space, without those particles moving much out of their respective situations. This may be illustrated by the following easy experiment:—On an even line *ss*, hang as many balls as you please; then elevate

Fig. 2.



the ball *A* to *c*, where it is represented by the dotted lines. When it falls it will strike the ball next to it, and that force will be imparted through all the balls without any apparent motion in them, until it reaches the last (*b*), which will be thrown out nearly to *d*. These balls may represent the atoms or particles of matter composing the air. Then a vibrating body having communicated a motion at *A*, it will be continued through the air, until it reaches the ear at *s*, where the effect will be felt by organs purposely placed there by our Creator to trans-

fer such sensation to the mind. The difference of tone perceived in vibrating bodies is caused by the number of beats made in a certain time. For instance, if a string *a b* be pulled up to *a*,

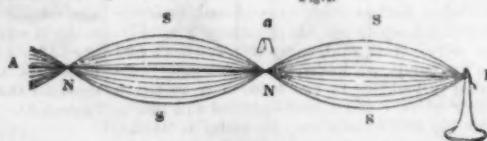
Fig. 3.



and then suffered to collapse, it will fall nearly to *b*, and will then return nearly to *a* again, and so on, diminishing the distance at each pulsation. When the string is pulled by the finger to *a*, it will form an angle as represented by the straight lines; but when vibrating by itself, it forms a segment of a circle, as represented by the dotted lines. The motion of the string from *a* to *b*, and back again, is called a vibration.* When these vibrations occur with a velocity of sixteen in a second of time, a very low sound is heard, and as the velocity of the pulsations increase, the sound becomes shriller or higher. The nerves of the human ear are so constituted as only to take cognizance of those sounds produced between the extremes of sixteen pulsations in a second, and 15,000; above which extremes no sound can be heard. It is conceived that insects produce sounds which, though heard by their own species, are so very shrill as to be undistinguishable by us.

All sonorous vibrating bodies will be found to

Fig. 4.



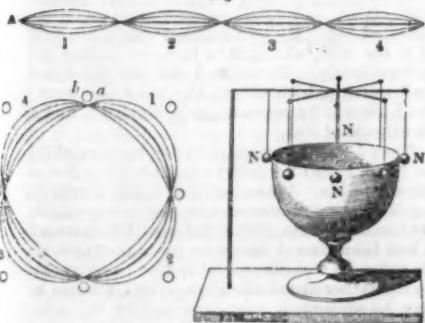
have certain parts moving quickly while other parts are at rest. Tie a piece of string *A B* at *n*, apply the hand to the end *n*, and move it up or down about twice in a second, we may then perceive the string assume a form similar to that in Fig. 4—that is, the parts at *s s* will be moving very quickly, so as to appear as segments of circles, while no motion will be observed at *n n*. If pieces of paper, as *a*, be laid across the string at various parts, it will be found that they will all be shaken off except those placed at the points *n n*. If the motion of the hand be increased, there will be more waves produced. The stationary points *n n* are called *nodes*, and the vibrating portions are denominated *harmonic segments*.

All bodies in a state of vibration, of whatever forms they may be, will possess the harmonic nodes and segments arranged in some manner. If a bell or glass bowl be put into a state of

* Some persons hold that the moving of the string merely from *a* to *b* constitutes a vibration, but the definition given in the text appears to us the better one.

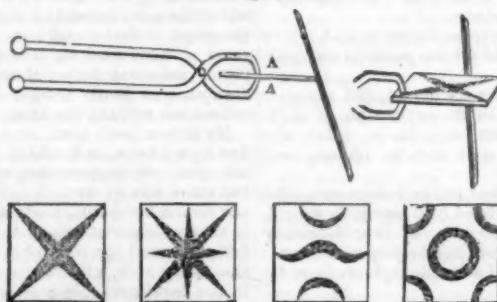
vibration, the nodes and segments may be perceived around the rim, and will appear as if a vibrating string, A B, had been made into a circle, so as to bring the ends, a b, close to each

Fig. 5.



other. This may be shown by placing little balls round the glass as in (2) Fig. 5. Now

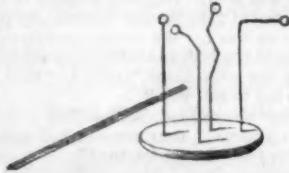
Fig. 6.



and sizes. In the above four squares are delineated some of the most simple figures which may be produced by these means; they are however, infinite. We are indebted to Chladni and Savard for these ingenious experiments.

Besides the lateral or normal vibrations of a string, of which we have hitherto only spoken, there are vibrations produced longitudinally; to render which apparent, Professor Wheatstone, of King's College, constructed a very simple but ingenious and amusing instrument, which he calls a "Kalediophone." In a strong stand there are fastened several wires, bent in various forms, each surmounted by a glass bead filled with mercury (See Fig. 7.) A wire is put in motion by drawing a violin-bow across it, and

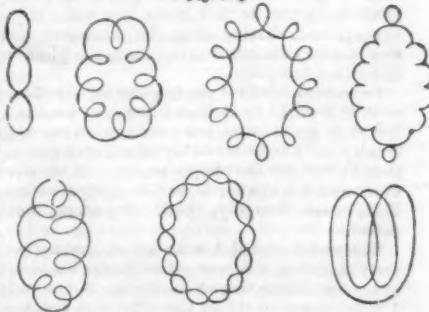
Fig. 7.



the bright bead at the top will render the form of the vibrations easily apparent. Of course, the figure produced will vary with the length and thickness of the wire, and the place where the bow touches it.

We subjoin some of the most common figures. When the experiment is performed by candle-light, the reflection on the bead, seen against a dark background, appears as a figure of fire, and of course is very beautiful.

Fig. 8. *



CHRISTIANA.

BY MEETA.

I remember a December night—cold and shrouded in snow. Every now and then a keen wind rattled the window-shutters, or went shuddering over the house-top, like a perturbed spirit. I was sitting in a deep-cushioned, velvet chair, before the fire, in my father's library,—watching the crimson flames and dreaming.

In the centre of the room, at a small table, was a handsome lady, embroidering. She wore a robe of dark silk, trimmed with a rich lace, and her shining black hair was gathered into massive braids around her face. That lady was my step-mother.

Once or twice she glanced up at me, a brief, searching glance; but I heeded it not.

"Christiana," said my step-mother, at length, rising and approaching where I sat.

I bowed my head, but deigned no answer; and pointed to the chair nearest me. She humored my caprice, and sat down.

"Christiana, you are no longer a child. It is meet that you should arouse yourself and look to the future."

Here she paused for a moment, and my eyes sought her face with an expression of half-scornful, half-listless expectancy. But she heeded neither my gaze nor its import, and continued:

"Your father wished me to inform you, that he has decided to send you away to school, having at last become aware of your deficiency in learning. To-morrow, you begin preparations; and, in the course of a fortnight, leave here for Deansby."

All this was delivered in that cold, steady intonation of voice, peculiar to my step-mother.

"And who devised this scheme?" I demanded, coolly.

"Myself," she replied, with dignity and firmness.

My lip curled somewhat contemptuously, and I again fixed my eyes upon the flames. My step-mother arose and went out of the room, silently, closing the door after her. Sometime I remained thoughtful and alone. Now the blaze, sank low in the chimney, and allowed gaunt, shadowy figures to fall upon the wall; then, again it rose, chasing away the phantoms, and weaving its rich, crimson tints into the pictures and silken hangings.

I was rejoiced that I was to go away, anywhere, so that I might be removed from *her* presence. Not that my step-mother ever treated me with cruelty, or harshness—that she dared not attempt; but for the simple reason that we were of natures too similar to dwell happily together. Both were haughty, both imperious, both proud.

The world quoted her as an exemplary person; and that she was exceedingly beautiful, everyone acknowledged—everyone but myself. I, who adored all things beautiful, disliked, nay,

detested her. My own instinct taught me that it is the soul, which, in a measure, makes all beings lovely. Therefore, I did not fall down and worship, with others, the *mask* she wore; for I knew it to conceal pride, ambition, and a multitude of sins.

Then I was disagreeable to *her*, because, child as I was, I read her heart when to others it was impenetrable. When one soul holds affinity to another, it can discover, with magical foresight, its inmost secrets. She called me "Christiana." I had been named Margaret, after my mother; therefore, it was distasteful to her. She spoke to my father about the change, and, strange to say, he consented.

Yes, I was glad to leave the mansion of my father, which, though in itself a garden of the Hesperides, was guarded by a dragon that devoured its golden fruit of happiness. At the end of the period already designated, I descended the steps of that grand house, an exile for two years. Those ancient, towering pillars; those proud ancestral halls; those arches, gardens, fountains, so dearly imaged in my heart, I left behind me without shedding a tear.

My father bent down over me, pressing his lips to my brow, and a faint moisture dimmed his eyes. My step-mother embraced me, also, but there was no warmth in her caress. Oh! I can remember gazing back at her, as she stood in that wide portal—the yellow winter sunlight falling around her rich robes and stately form; the heavy arch, with its great pillars, framing in her loveliness. Her imperial air, her grace of attitude, were not lost upon me. Yes, she was wondrously, gloriously beautiful!

The day upon which I arrived at Deansby, was sunshiny and pleasant. The tall, white walls, symmetrical gravelled walks, and rows of evergreens, were objects agreeable to my sight. I imagined myself a weary pilgrim, and this was the holy-land to which I had attained. Many other pupils arrived that day, besides myself; but as my coming was a few hours prior to theirs, I was allowed first to select my room-mate.

Glancing down the long line of new-comers, I gave my preference to a pale, delicate girl, perhaps one year my senior. I chose her, not because I liked her best, for I was indifferent to them all; but because I imagined that she was unlike me, and that I could mould her to my will. Mistaken thought! She was gentle, but she was *firm*. Together we went to survey our apartment; she seemed exceedingly pleased with it; so was I. We seated ourselves, upon the edge of the bed, to make acquaintance.

"Tell me your name," said I, "that I may know what to call you."

"Alice," she replied, "Alice Hall."

"Pretty name!" murmured I, half-musically.

"How do you like Christiana?"

Instantly a great softness suffused her face.

"I had a sister once," she whispered, "and her name was Christiana."

I felt something strange coming into my heart, like a rush of tenderness—of tears. But I forbade its entrance, and repressed its current.

"Pooh," said I impatiently, "my name is not Christiana; it is Margaret," and rising, I abruptly left her.

Seated before the mirror, arranging my hair, I could see her face in it. She was looking at me with surprised and sorrowful earnestness, as if she were wondering at me. I was glad if she did—glad if she thought me unlike to every one else. Even if it were odd, eccentric—anything she chose.

Among my school-companions there was one, who was denominated "Empress." She was a tall, handsome girl, with a daring, gipsy countenance. Her name was Eleanor. She it was who held sway over the whole school, who introduced all new feasts, encouraged daring exploits, who stimulated and aided in everything. From the first day of my entrance, I heartily disliked her; and she as zealously returned the compliment. My spirit was too haughty to be subject to another—I must be first or none. My resolution was fixed. Day by day, I elevated myself among my companions; step by step, nearer to my rival and her dethronement. My imperial pride well suited my adherents, and it was no difficult matter for me to place my foot upon the first round of my ladder—ambition. At last, by perseverance and exertion, I gained that acme of station, and listened with a triumphant spirit to the exulting shout:

"Empress Christiana forever!"

The pseudo "Empress" was terrible in her displeasure. But I laughed her to scorn, as I stood thus pre-eminent—invested with supreme power. Now, I showed them that their new sovereign was not inferior to the old. My active brain devised schemes of which she had no conception. I over-stepped, with impunity, the prescribed bound of school laws, in my rash, headlong course.

We were to have theatricals at Deansby, and I was chief manager and director. It was decided that we should draw lots for the different characters. I stood upon the broad porch, with the ballot-box in my hand. I remember the play; it was an old and beautiful one. "Silena," the most prominent character, and one which I knew I could sustain admirably, fell to the lot of an inefficient actress.

Instantly I snatched the paper from her hand. "No, no! *that* is mine!" I cried. "I have set my heart upon it."

Had I been less hasty, my own honorable impulses would have forbidden this outbreak. And had they waited one moment, I should have been myself again.

"Unjust! unjust!" was the low murmur that ran from rank to rank. My pride came instantly to the rescue.

"Unjust!" I repeated angrily. "Then seek a more just Empress!" and dashing the box to the floor, I rushed to the solitude of my room.

Before night-fall, I was made aware of the

fact, that Eleanor was reinstated in her former dignity. All this time, while I was pursuing my regal career, Alice had watched my procedure in silence. She, alone, of the throng, never followed in my footsteps, never paid homage at my shrine. Now, I found, that, of all she was my best friend and adviser.

It was the evening of that eventful day, and I sat beside my window, crushed and dispirited. Light foot-steps aroused me, and Alice entered the room. As I did not address her, she remained silent, and soon prepared to retire. I watched her, though she knew it not. I saw her there, in her white gown, kneeling in prayer; her hands clasped in devotion. She looked so gentle and angelic; so fitted to repeat those holy orisons. I longed to kneel down by her side, as pure in heart as she. I felt the tears trickling down my cheeks; yes, I who had *scorned* to weep! I tried to crush a rising sob, which threatened to betray my emotion. I struggled vainly—it burst forth, and flinging myself beside the kneeling girl, I cried:

"Oh! Alice, love me! Teach me to repent!"

Instantly her arms went round me, and my head rested upon her bosom.

"Christiana," she whispered, "I do love you. I will *always* love you."

She wept over me; we mingled our tears together. When we grew calmer, she placed before me my past conduct and my great error. Oh! how I scorned myself! how I *hated* the indomitable pride within me! Alice made me kneel with her, and together we repeated a prayer for new strength and humility. Then we retired to rest, and slept folded in a loving embrace.

From that hour my whole career was changed. I no longer dreamed of ambition and rivalry, but became happy and more studious. My school-mates loved me now, as much as they had admired me before; and many were the simple, touching incidents of their regard.

Once I was indisposed, and unable to leave my room for some days. As I lay in a half-drowsing state, one afternoon, a tap on the door aroused me.

"Come in!" I said, quietly.

A little girl entered, bearing a magnificent bouquet of hot-house flowers. I recognized the child; she was a charity-orphan—one of the numerous protégés of the institution.

"How do you feel, this afternoon, Miss Christiana?" she asked, timidly.

"Better, thank you. Whose flowers are those?"

"Oh! I was forgetting. They are for you, with love, and hopes of a speedy recovery, from your affectionate school-mates—that is what they bade me say."

I pressed those flowers to my lips and heart, and held them before my face, that the child might not see the dimness in my eyes. Milly stole to the window and drew down the blinds; perhaps she thought the sunshine affected me. Presently she came back, and laid a tiny, blue-eyed forget-me-not upon my pillow, and said, hesitatingly:

"Miss Christiana, I gathered this for you. It—it isn't half so pretty and grand as theirs; but it's all I've got."

I did not hold the flowers before my face now, although blinded by the tears raining thick and fast.

"Milly," said I, "do you indeed love me? I, who am so very wicked!"

"Oh! don't say so," cried the child, tears filling her own sweet eyes. "You are not wicked—everybody says you are so good."

I was silent. I placed the little blue flower closer on my pillow, and closed my eyes.

"Oh!" thought I, "what have I done to deserve such tenderness, such affection from them all?"

The two years at Deansby had nearly expired, when I received a letter informing me of the death of my father. I had not heard of his illness, and the unexpected shock was a great one. I had loved him as much as his stern nature would allow, and I believe he had a great tenderness for me. Now, the last tie was severed, which bound me to the old mansion. I had no wish ever to return to it.

My step-mother wrote: "Christiana, you are now mistress of Marchmont. Come and assume your prerogative. I shall not encumber you with my presence. I have been ill; I am much changed."

I thought that I could discern a tinge of sorrowful bitterness in these words; certainly a lack of that haughty imperiousness of old. I regretted much to leave Deansby, but circumstances would not now permit of my remaining. Alice was the last one to whom I bade farewell.

I went to seek her in the garden, where we were to meet. There were traces of tears upon her cheek, but otherwise she looked calm and gentle as ever.

"Christiana," she said, as she embraced me, "think of me often; we may never meet again."

I did not understand her; I laid my two hands upon her shoulders, and looked searchingly into her face. It was thin and pale, and indicative of great inward suffering. I shut my eyes momentarily. I dared not think what she meant.

"Alice, it is you who have taught me, prayed with me, made me what I am. Can I ever forget you?"

I pressed my lips to hers once more, and rushed back to the house. Thus we parted—never, never to meet again.

As I rode up the long, shaded avenue of Marchmont, I gazed eagerly around. The scene was little changed, save that now it was robed in hangings of Spring and sunshine, instead of frost and snow. I pictured myself entering the wide portal, a form of wondrous loveliness stepping forth to meet me; awing me with its splendor, overwhelming me with its stateliness. I beheld myself standing there, with my old pride compassing me with bands of ice. Then, again, these visions faded, and I wondered how we should meet.

The carriage stopped. I alighted and ascended

the broad steps. No one came to welcome me. All was gloom within. Room after room I traversed, and, at last, in the library, I met the old housekeeper. She started in surprise; but then, recognizing me, she burst out into welcomes, and praise of my improved appearance.

"Martha," said I, impatiently, "where is your mistress?"

"I'm not sure but she's in her own room, Miss. Poor lady!"

"Tell her I am here, Martha!"

I sat down by a table, and carelessly turned over the leaves of a book. Sometime I remained, not reading, but musing, when the opening of a door aroused me. I started up, and, for a moment was astounded at what I saw. Then a feeling of faintness overpowered me, and I caught at the table for support.

My step-mother stood upon the threshold. She was dressed in the deepest mourning, and her form was shrunken and attenuated. Her face I could scarcely recognize, it was so changed, so disfigured! That glorious beauty, which had so adorned her years; that wonderful, overwhelming loveliness, was all, *all gone!* The truth flashed across my brain—my step-mother was a victim to the small-pox!

Now, she stood before me a wreck of her former splendor; a being to be pitied, not despised. Yet, even now, she assumed a degree of state, of haughtiness, ill-suited that form and face. Oh! I could have wept over that ruin of grandeur—that blighted life, with its crushed hopes!

She awaited for me to recover my composure; then she spoke. Her voice was hollow, yet cold and stern.

"Miss Marchmont, you are welcome to your father's mansion. I have but awaited your arrival to retire from the world. I have but one path to tread, upon the earth, and that I shall pursue."

Her old tones recalled my pride, but I thrust it back, and a tide of generous emotions usurped its place. I started forward, and took her hand in mine. My voice expressed the feelings of my heart:

"No! no!" I cried. "Remain where you are! Be mistress, once more, of Marchmont! I am yet young and inexperienced; I need a friend, an adviser, a protector. Be *one*, be all to me!"

My step-mother looked upon me with amazement. She essayed to speak—her voice failed her. That imperial state, for once, proved treacherous, and she sobbed aloud.

Crushed and humbled, she bowed before me. No longer my enemy, but, vanquished and in sorrow, my friend. I took her in my arms, and held her to my bosom. I caressed that poor, scarred face, and kissed those thin, white hands. She struggled with her emotions, and murmured:

"Christiana, you have conquered. I have been severely chastened; but I will—I do repeat."

Our mutual prejudices vanquished, with humble hearts, each rejoiced in the reformation of the other. In two weeks after our reconciliation, my step-mother was taken ill. Her system, already weakened by disease, could not

endure much suffering; on the fourth week after her relapse she died—happy and penitent, resigned and hopeful.

I shed tears over her grave, and covered it with blooming flowers. Her errors, her ambition, her pride, lay buried with her there; but her repentance erected for itself a white monument in my heart, and that I revere and cherish.

I was lonely in that grand, sombre house—

lonely, but not unhappy. I said to myself: “Christiana, be content with the present; forget that there is a future.”

Better had it been for me, had I clung, ever, to that precept. But, like the storied child, I wandered on through that vast plain, the world, leaving the singing-bird and the woods behind me. Gaining, by experience, that knowledge which proved her misfortune.

GREAT PRINCIPLES AND SMALL DUTIES.

It is observable that the trivial services of social life are best performed, and the lesser particles of domestic happiness are most skilfully organized, by the deepest and the fairest heart. It is an error to suppose that homely minds are the best administrators of small duties. Who does not know how wretched a contradiction such a rule receives in the moral economy of many a home? how often the daily troubles, the swarm of blessed care, the innumerable minutiae of arrangement in a family, prove quite too much for the generalship of feeble minds, and even the clever selfishness of strong ones; how a petty and scrupulous anxiety in defending with infinite perseverance some small and almost invisible point of frugality and comfort, surrenders the greater unobserved, and while saving money, ruins minds; how, on the other hand, a rough and unmellowed sagacity rules indeed, and without defeat, but while maintaining in action the mechanism of government, creates a constant and intolerable friction, a gathering together of reluctant wills, a groaning under the consciousness of force, that make the movements of life fret and chafe incessantly! But where, in the presiding genius of a home, taste and sympathy unite (and in their genuine forms they cannot be separated)—the intelligent feeling for moral beauty, and the deep heart of domestic love,—with what ease, what mastery, what graceful disposition, do the seeming trivialities of life fall into order, and drop a blessing as they take their place! how do the hours steal away, unnoticed but by the precious fruits they leave! and by the self-renunciation of affection, there comes a spontaneous adjustment of various wills; and not an innocent pleasure is lost, not a pure taste offended, nor a peculiar temper unconsidered; and every day has its silent achievements of wisdom, and every night its retrospect of piety and love; and the tranquil thoughts, that in the evening meditation, come down with the starlight, seem like the serenade of angels, bringing in melody the peace of God! Wherever this picture is realized, it is not by microscopic solicitude of spirit, but by comprehension of mind, and enlargement of heart; by that breadth and noetic of moral view which discerns everything in due proportion, and in avoiding an intense elaboration of trifles, has energy to spare for what is great; in short, by a perception akin to that of God, whose providing frugality is on an infinite scale, vigilant alike in Heaven and on Earth; whose art colors a uni-

verse with beauty, and touches with its pencil the petals of a flower. A soul thus pure and large disowns the paltry rules of dignity, the silly notions of great and mean, by which fashion distorts God's real proportions; is utterly delivered from the spirit of contempt; and in consulting for the benign administration of life, will learn many a truth, and discharge many an office, from which lesser beings, esteeming themselves greater, would shrink from as ignoble. But in truth, nothing is degrading which a high and graceful purpose ennobles; and offices the most menial cease to be menial, the moment they are wrought in love. What thousand services are rendered, aye, and by delicate hands, around the bed of sickness, which, else considered mean, become at once holy and quite inalienable rights. To smooth the pillow, to proffer the draught, to soothe or obey the fancies of the delirious will, to sit for hours as the mere sentinel of the feverish sleep; these things are suddenly erected, by their relation to hope and life, into sacred privileges. And experience is perpetually bringing occasions, similar in kind, though of less persuasive poignancy, when a true eye and a lovely heart will quickly see the relations of things thrown into a new position, and calling for a sacrifice of conventional order to the higher laws of the affections; and alike without condescension and without ostentation, will noiselessly take the post of service and do the kindly deed. Thus it is that the lesser graces display themselves most richly, like the leaves and flowers of life, where there is the deepest and the widest root of love; not like the staring and artificial blossoms of dry custom that, winter or summer, cannot change; but living petals woven in Nature's workshop and folded by her tender skill, opening and shutting morning and night, glancing and trembling in the sunshine and in the breeze. This easy capacity of great affections for small duties is the peculiar triumph of the highest spirit of love.

JAMES MARTINHAU.

SWIFT'S SATIRE ON A MISER.—Dean Swift, having dined with a rich miser, pronounced the following grace after dinner:—

“Thanks for this miracle: it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness,
In midst of famine we have found relief,
And seen the wonders of a chine of beef!
Chimneys have smoked that never smoked before,
And we have dined where we shall dine no more.”

THE GOOD TIME COMING.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 300—VOL. V.]

[As the present number of the Home Magazine begins a volume, with which many new subscriptions commence, it will come into the hands of readers who have not seen the opening portions of this story. We therefore give a brief glance at the preceding chapters, in order that new subscribers may be able to take up the thread of the narrative.

Mr. Edward Markland was a wealthy merchant, who, not finding in business pursuits and money-making that mental quietude and satisfaction for which he sought, determined to retire from the active, busy world, and create for himself a little Paradise into which no spirit of discord, or even disquietude, could enter. So he provided an elegant rural home, spending years in bringing everything up to his ideal of beauty. Everywhere at "Woodbine Lodge" the hand of taste was visible. You could change nothing without marring the beauty of the whole. It realized his highest aspirations. It was an Eden of beauty. But, the enjoyment of all he had provided as a means of enjoyment, did not come in the measure anticipated. Soon mere beauty failed to charm his eyes, or fragrance to captivate his senses—for mind immortal rests not long in the fruition of any achievement; and never finds in mere earthly things the happiness that seemed so certainly approaching. No sooner was "Woodbine Lodge" perfected, than it lost its charms for Mr. Markland; and his thoughts began wandering away.

Mrs. Markland, between whom and her husband there existed the fullest trust, and most tender affection, was of a temperament altogether different. In present duties her spirit ever found repose. To her, "Woodbine Lodge," was indeed an Eden, and she drank in daily of its beauty, with an ever increasing sense of pleasure. The discovery that her husband's thoughts were beginning to wander away after some new excitement—to look still farther in the distant future for a "good time coming"—troubled her spirit with a prophecy of evil. Just at this period, a Mr. Lee Lyon, son of an old business correspondent residing in England, called upon Mr. Markland with a letter of introduction. This was the beginning of a new era in the history of the residents at "Woodbine Lodge." In the few days that Mr. Lyon remained there, he succeeded in interesting Mr. Markland in some grand schemes for money-making, in which he was engaged with certain large capitalists—and also in winning the regard of Fanny Markland, his oldest daughter, a lovely, pure-minded girl, just passing into her seventeenth year.

The portion of our story immediately preceding

that which is now continued, relates how Mr. Markland goes suddenly to New York, on business, consequent on important letters received from Mr. Lyon, who has gone South—and how, while he is absent, Fanny Markland is surprised by a visit from Mr. Lyon, who enjoined on her the strictest secrecy in regard to his presence in the neighborhood. His explanation is, that after writing to her father to transact certain business for him in New York, he received information that led him to wish an entire change in the operation, and fearing that a second letter might not reach its destination with unerring certainty, had deemed it best to return from the South with all speed, so as to see Mr. Markland before he went to New York. But, his arrival too late, led him, so he said, to desire that Mr. Markland might not know of his change of views in regard to the business—as the knowledge would come too late. This interview takes place in a summer house, at some distance from the dwelling. Fanny is sitting there alone, when she is startled by the sudden appearance of Mr. Lyon. During the interview that follows she says:—

"From my father, and my mother, I have no concealments."

"And heaven forbid that I should seek to mar that truly wise confidence," quickly answered Mr. Lyon. "All I ask is, that, for the present, you mention to no one the fact that I have been here. Our meeting in this place is purely accidental—providential I will rather say. My purpose in coming was, as already explained, to meet your father. He is away, and on business that at once sets aside all necessity for seeing him. It will now be much better, that he should not even know of my return from the South—better for me, I mean; for the interests that might suffer are mine alone. But, let me explain a little, that you may act understandingly. When I went South, your father very kindly consented to transact certain business left unfinished by me in New York. Letters received on my arrival at Savannah, advised me of the state of the business, and I wrote to your father, in what way to arrange it for me; by the next mail other letters came, showing me a different state of affairs, and rendering a change of plan very desirable. It was to explain this fully to your father, that I came on. But, as it is too late, I do not wish him even to know, for the present, that a change was contemplated. I fear it might lessen, for the time being, his confidence in my judgement—something I do not fear when he knows me better. Your silence for the present, my dear Miss Markland, will nothing affect your father who has little or no personal interest in the matter, but may serve me materially. Say, then, that, until you hear from me again, on the subject, you will keep your own counsel."

"You say, that my father has no interest in the

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by T. S. ARTHUR & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

business to which you refer?" remarked Fanny. Her mind was bewildered.

"None whatever. He is only, out of a generous good will, trying to serve the son of an old business friend," replied Mr. Lyon confidently. "Say, then, Fanny"—his voice was insinuating, and there was something of the serpent's fascination in his eyes—"that you will, for my sake, remain, for the present, silent on the subject of this return from the South."

As he spoke, he raised one of her hands to his lips, and kissed it. Still more bewildered—nay, charmed—Fanny did not make even a faint struggle to withdraw her hand. In the next moment his hot lips had touched her pure forehead—and in the next moment, "Farewell!" rung hurriedly in her ears. As the retiring form of the young adventurer stood in the door of the summer house, there came to her, with a distinct utterance, these confidently spoken words—"I trust you without fear." And "God bless you!" flung towards her with a heart-impulse, found a deeper place in her soul, from whence, long afterwards, came back their thrilling echoes. By the time the maiden had gathered up her scattered thoughts, she was alone!

Other characters in the story, are a Mr. Allison, an old man, a neighbor, from whose conversations both Mr. Markland, and Fanny have gathered up pearls of wisdom that promise to be of "great price" to them in after life. He meets Fanny immediately after her interview with Mr. Lyon, and fills her mind with new and higher truths than she had ever before perceived. They were guarding truths.

Aunt Grace is a maiden sister of Mr. Markland, who lives in the family. She is a shrewd observer—somewhat cynical and impatient; but having much good in her character. Mr. Lyon she never liked from the beginning, and called him a man who cast a shadow.

The children are Fanny, aged seventeen. George, ten years of age. Agnes, seven; and Francis, the baby, two. With this brief review of what precedes, the new reader will be at no loss to comprehend the progress of our story.]

CHAPTER XI.

Late on the following day, Mr. Markland arrived from New York. Eager as all had been for his return, there was something of embarrassment in the meeting. The light-hearted gladness with which every one welcomed him, even after the briefest absence, was not apparent now. In the deep, calm eyes of his wife, as he looked lovingly into them, he saw the shadow of an unquiet spirit. And the tears which no effort of self-control could keep back from Fanny's cheeks, as she caught his hand eagerly, and hid her face on his breast, answered too surely the question he most desired to ask. It was plain to him that Mr. Lyon's letter had found its way into her hands.

"I wish it had not been so," was the involuntary mental ejaculation. A sigh parted his lips—a sigh that only the quick ears of his wife perceived, and only her heart echoed.

During the short time the family were together, that evening, Mr. Markland noticed, in Fanny, something that gave him concern. Her eyes always fell, instantly, when he looked at her, and she seemed sedulously to avoid his gaze. If he spoke to her, the color mounted to her face, and she seemed strangely embarrassed. The fact of her having received a letter from Mr. Lyon, the contents of which he knew, as it came, open, in one received by himself from that gentleman, was not a sufficient explanation of so entire a change in her deportment.

Mr. Markland sought the earliest opportunity to confer with his wife, on the subject of Fanny's altered state of mind, and the causes leading thereto; but the conference did not result in much that was satisfactory to either of them.

"Have you said anything to her about Mr. Lyon?" asked Mr. Markland.

"Very little," was answered. "She thought it would only be courteous to reply to his letter; but I told her that, if he were a true man, and had a genuine respect for her, he would not wish to draw her into a correspondence on so slight an acquaintance; and that the only right manner of response was through you."

"Through me!"

"Yes. Your acknowledgment, in Fanny's name, when you are writing to Mr. Lyon, will be all that he has a right to expect, and all that our daughter should be permitted to give."

"But, if we restrict her to so cold a response, and that by second-hand, may she not be tempted to write to him without our knowledge?"

"No, Edward. I will trust her for that," was the unhesitating answer.

"She is very young," said Mr. Markland, as if speaking to himself.

"O yes," quickly returned his wife. "Years too young for an experience—or, I might say, a temptation—like this. I cannot but feel that, in writing to our child, Mr. Lyon abused the hospitality we extended to him."

"Is not that a harsh judgment, Agnes?"

"No, Edward. Fanny is but a child, and Mr. Lyon a man of matured experience. He knew that she was too young to be approached as he approached her."

"He left it with us, you know, Agnes; and with a manly delicacy that we ought neither to forget nor fail to appreciate."

The remark silenced, but in no respect changed the views of Mrs. Markland; and the conference on Fanny's state of mind, closed without any satisfactory result.

The appearance of his daughter on the next morning, caused Mr. Markland to feel a deeper concern. The color had faded from her cheeks; her eyes were heavy, as if she had been weeping; and if she did not steadily avoid his gaze, she was, he could see, uneasy under it.

As soon as Mr. Markland had finished his light breakfast, he ordered the carriage.

"You are not going to the city," his wife said, with surprise and disappointment in her voice.

"Yes, Agnes, I must be in town to-day. I expect letters on business that will require immediate attention."

"Business! Edward. What business?"

The question appeared slightly to annoy Mr. Markland. But, with a forced smile, and in his usual pleasant voice, he answered:

"Oh, nothing of very great importance, but still requiring my presence. Business is business, you know, and ought never to be neglected."

"Will you be home early?"

"Yes."

Mr. Markland walked out into the ample porch, and let his eyes range slowly over the objects that surrounded his dwelling. His wife stood by his side. The absence of a few days, amid other and less attractive scenes, had prepared his mind for a better appreciation of the higher beauties of "Woodbine Lodge." Something of the old feeling came over him; and as he stood silently gazing around, he could not but say, within himself, "If I do not find happiness here, I may look for it through the world in vain."

The carriage was driven round to the door, while he stood there. Fanny came out at the moment, and seeing her father about to step into it, sprang forward and exclaimed:

"Why, father! you are not going away again?"

"Only to the city, love," he answered, as he turned to receive her kiss.

"To the city again? Why you are away nearly all the time. Now I wish you wouldn't go so often."

"I will be home early in the afternoon. But come, Fanny, won't you go with me, to spend the day in town. It will be a pleasant change for you."

Fanny shook her head, and answered, "No."

Mr. Markland entered the carriage, waved his hand, and was soon gliding away towards the city. As soon as he was beyond the observation of his family, his whole manner underwent a change. An expression of deep thought settled over his face; and he remained in a state of profound abstraction during his whole ride to the city. On arriving there, he went to the office of an individual well-known in the community as possessing ample means, and bearing the reputation of a most liberal, intelligent and enterprising citizen.

"Good morning, Mr. Brainard," said Markland, with a blending of respect and familiarity in his voice.

"Ah, Mr. Markland!" returned the other, rising and shaking the hand of his visitor cordially. "When did you get back from New York?"

"Yesterday afternoon. I called after my arrival, but you had left your office."

"Well, what news do you bring home? Is everything to your mind?"

"Entirely so, Mr. Brainard."

"That's clever—that's right. I was sure you would find it so. Lyon is shrewd and sharp-sighted as an eagle. We have not mistaken our man, depend on it."

"I think not."

"I know we have not," was the confident rejoinder.

"Any further word from him, since I left?"

"I had a letter yesterday. He was about leaving for Mexico."

"Are you speaking of Mr. Lyon, the young Englishman, whom I saw in your office frequently, a short time since?" inquired a gentle man who sat reading the morning paper.

"The same," replied Mr. Brainard.

"Did you say he had gone to Mexico?"

"Yes, or was about leaving for that country. So he informed me in a letter I received from him yesterday."

"In a letter?" The man's voice expressed surprise.

"Yes. But why do you seem to question the statement?"

"Because I saw him in the city day before yesterday."

"In the city!"

"Yes, sir. Either him or his ghost."

"Oh! you're mistaken."

"I think not. It's rarely that I'm mistaken in the identity of any one."

"You are, assuredly, too certain in the present instance," said Mr. Markland, turning to the gentleman who had last spoken, "for it's only a few days since I received letters from him written at Savannah."

Still the man was positive.

"He has a hair-mole on his cheek, I believe."

Mr. Brainard and Mr. Markland looked at each other doubtfully.

"He has," was admitted by the latter.

"But that doesn't make identity," said Mr. Brainard, with an incredulous smile. "I've seen many men, in my day, with moles on their faces."

"True enough," was answered, "but you never saw two Mr. Lyons."

"You are very positive," said Mr. Brainard, growing serious. "Now, as we believe him to be at the South, and you say that he was here on the day before yesterday, the matter assumes rather a perplexing shape. If he really was here, it is of the first importance that we should know it; for we are about trusting important interests to his hands. Where, then, and under what circumstances, did you see him?"

"I saw him twice."

"Where?"

"The first time, I saw him alighting from a carriage, at the City Hotel. He had, apparently, just arrived, as there was a trunk behind the carriage."

"Singular!" remarked Mr. Brainard, with a slightly disturbed manner.

"You are mistaken in the person," said Mr. Markland, positively.

"It may be so," returned the gentleman.

"Where did you next see him?" inquired Mr. Brainard.

"In the neighborhood of the —— Railroad Depot. Being aware that he had spent several days with Mr. Markland, it occurred to me that he was going out to call upon him."

"Very surprising. I don't just comprehend this," said Mr. Markland with a perplexed manner.

"The question is easily settled," remarked Mr. Brainard. "Sit here a few moments, and I will step around to the City Hotel."

And as he spoke, he arose and went quickly from his office. In about ten minutes he returned.

"Well, what is the result?" was the rather anxious inquiry of Mr. Markland.

"Can't make it out," sententiously answered Mr. Brainard.

"What did you learn?"

"Nothing."

"Of course, Mr. Lyon has not been there?"

"I don't know about that. He certainly was not there as Mr. Lyon."

"Was any one there answering to his description?"

"Yes."

"From the South?"

"Yes. From Richmond—so the register has it; and the name recorded is Melville."

"You asked about him particularly?"

"I did, and the description given, both by the landlord and his clerk, correspond in a singular manner with the appearance of Mr. Lyon. He arrived by the southern line, and appeared hurried in manner. Almost as soon as his name was registered, he inquired at what hour the cars started on the — road. He went out in an hour after his arrival, and did not return until late in the evening. Yesterday morning he left in the first southern train."

"Well, friends, you see that I was not so very far out of the way," said the individual who had surprised the gentlemen, by asserting that Mr. Lyon was in the city only two days before.

"I can't believe that it was Mr. Lyon." Firmly Mr. Markland took this position.

"I would not be sworn to it—but my eyes have certainly played me false, if he were not in the city at the time referred to," said the gentleman, "and let me say to you, that if you have important interests in his hands, which you would regard as likely to suffer, were he really in our city at the time, alleged, it will be wise for you to look after them a little narrowly, for, if he were not here, then was I never more mistaken in my life."

The man spoke with a seriousness that produced no very pleasing effect upon the minds of his auditors, who were, to say the least, very considerably perplexed by what he alleged.

"The best course, in doubtful cases, is always a prudent one," said Mr. Markland, as soon as the gentleman had retired.

"Unquestionably. And, now, what steps shall we take, under this singular aspect of affairs?"

"That requires our first attention. If we could only be certain that Mr. Lyon had returned to the city."

"Ah, yes—if we could only be certain. That he was not here, reason and common sense tell me. Opposed to this, is the very positive belief of Mr. Lamar that he saw him on the day before yesterday, twice."

"What had better be done under these circumstances?" queried Mr. Brainard.

VOL. VI.—3.

"I wish that I could answer that question both to your satisfaction and my own," was the perplexed answer.

"What was done in New York?"

"I had several long conferences with Mr. Fenwick, whom I found a man of expansive views. He is very sanguine, and says that he has already invested some forty thousand dollars."

"Ah! So largely?"

"Yes; and will not hesitate to double the sum, if required."

"His confidence is strong."

"It is—very strong. He thinks that the fewer parties engaged in the matter, the better it will be for all, if they can furnish the aggregate capital required."

"Why?"

"The fewer persons interested, the more concert of action there will be, and the larger individual dividend on the business."

"If there should come a dividend," said Mr. Brainard.

"That is certain," replied Mr. Markland, in a very confident manner. "I am quite inclined to the opinion of Mr. Fenwick, that one of the most magnificent fortunes will be built up that the present generation has seen."

"What is his opinion of Mr. Lyon?"

"He expresses the most unbounded confidence. Has known him, and all about him, for twenty years; and says that a man of better capacity, or stricter honor, is not to be found. The parties in London, who have intrusted large interests in his hands, are not the men to confide such interests to any but the tried and proved."

"How much will we be expected to invest at the beginning?"

"Not less than twenty thousand dollars apiece."

"So much?"

"Yes. Only two parties in this city are to be in the Company, and we have the first offer."

"You intend to accept?"

"Of course. In fact, I have accepted. At the same time, I assured Mr. Fenwick that he might depend on you."

"But for this strange story about Mr. Lyon's return to the city—a death's head at our banquet—there would not be, in my mind, the slightest hesitation."

"It is only a shadow," said Mr. Markland.

"Shadows do not create themselves," replied Mr. Brainard.

"No; but mental shadows do not always indicate the proximity of material substance. If Mr. Lyon wrote to you that he was about starting for Mexico, depend upon it, he is now speeding away in that direction. He is not so sorry a trifler as Mr. Lamar's hasty conclusions would indicate."

"A few days for reflection and closer scrutiny will not in the smallest degree affect the general issue, and may develop facts that will show the way clear before us," said Mr. Brainard. "Let us wait until we hear again from Mr. Lyon, before we become involved in large responsibilities."

"I do not see how I can well hold back," replied Mr. Markland. "I have, at least, honorably bound myself to Mr. Fenwick."

"A few days can make no difference, so far as that is concerned," said Mr. Brainard, "and may develop facts of the most serious importance. Suppose it should really prove true that Mr. Lyon returned, in a secret manner, from the South; would you feel yourself under obligation to go forward without the clearest explanation of the fact?"

"No," was the unhesitating answer.

"Very well. Wait for a few days. Time will make all this clearer."

"It will no doubt, be wisest," said Mr. Markland, in a voice that showed a slight depression of feeling.

"According to Mr. Lamar, if the man he saw was Lyon, he evidently wished to have a private interview with yourself."

"With me?"

"Certainly. Both Mr. Lamar and the hotel-keeper, refer to his going to, or being in, the neighborhood of the cars that run in the direction of 'Woodbine Lodge.' It will be well for you to question the various members of your household. Something may be developed in this way."

"If he had visited Woodbine Lodge, of course I would have known about it," said Mr. Markland, with a slightly touched manner, as if there were something more implied by Mr. Brainard, than was clearly apparent.

"No harm can grow out of a few inquiries," was answered. "They may lead to the truth we so much desire to elucidate, and identify the person seen by Mr. Lamar as a very different individual from Mr. Lyon."

Under the existing position of things, no farther steps in the very important business they had in progress could be taken that day. After an hour's further conference, the two men parted, under arrangement to meet again in the morning.

CHAPTER XII.

It was scarcely mid-day when Mr. Markland's carriage drew near to Woodbine Lodge. As he was about entering the gateway to his grounds, he saw Mr. Allison, a short distance beyond, coming down the road. So he waited until the old gentleman came up.

"Home again," said Mr. Allison, in his pleasant, interested way, as he extended his hand. "When did you arrive?"

"Last evening," replied Mr. Markland.

"Been to the city this morning, I suppose."

"Yes. Some matters of business required my attention. The truth is, Mr. Allison, I grow more and more wearied with my inactive life, and find relief in any new direction of thought."

"You do not design re-entering into business?"

"I have no such present purpose." Mr. Markland stepped from his carriage, as he thus spoke, and told the driver to go forward to the house. "Though it is impossible to say where we may come out when we enter a new path. I am not

a man to do things by halves. Whatever I undertake, I am apt to prosecute with considerable activity and concentration of thought."

"So I should suppose. It is best, however, for men of your temperament, to act with prudence and wise forethought in the beginning—to look well to the paths they are about entering; for they are very apt to go forward with a blind perseverance that will not look a moment from the end proposed."

"There is truth in your remark, no doubt. But I always try to be sure that I am right, before I go ahead. David Crockett's homely motto gives the formula for all high success in life."

"Yes; he spoke wisely. There would be few drones in our hive, if all acted up to his precept."

"Few, indeed. Oh! I get out of all patience sometimes with men in business; they act with such feebleness of nerve—such indecision of purpose. They seem to have no life—none of those clear intuitions that spring from an ardent desire to reach a clearly seen goal. Without earnestness and concentration, nothing of more than ordinary importance is ever effected. Until a man taxes every faculty of his mind to the utmost, he cannot know the power that is in him."

"Truly said. And I am for every man doing his best; but doing it in the right way. It is deplorable to see the amount of wasted effort there is in the world. The aggregate of misapplied energy is enormous."

"What do you call misapplied energy?" said Markland.

"The energy directed by a wrong purpose."

"Will you define for me a wrong purpose?"

"Yes; a merely selfish purpose is a wrong one."

"All men are selfish," said Mr. Markland.

"In a greater or less degree they are, I know."

"Then all misapply their energies?"

"Yes, all—though not always. But there is a beautiful harmony and precision in the government of the world, that bends man's selfish purposes into serving the common good. Men work for themselves alone, each caring for himself alone; yet, Providence so orders and arranges, that the neighbor is more really benefitted than the individual worker, toiling only for himself. Who is most truly served, the man who makes a garment, or the man who enjoys its warmth? the builder of the house, or the dweller therein? the tiller of the soil, or he who eats the fruit thereof? Yet, how rarely does the skilled artisan, or he who labors in the field, think or care for those who are to enjoy the good things of life they are producing. Their thought is on what they are to receive, not on what they are giving; and far too many of those who benefit the world by their labor, are made unhappy at the thought that others really enjoy what they have produced—if their thought ever reaches that far beyond themselves."

"Man is very selfish, I will admit," said Mr. Markland, thoughtfully.

"It is self-love, my friend," answered the old man, "that gives to most of us our greatest energy in life. We work ardently, taxing all our powers in the accomplishment of some end. A close self-examination will, in most cases, show us that self is the main-spring of all this activity. Now, I hold that in just so far as this is the case, our efforts are misapplied."

"But did you not just admit that the world was benefitted by all active labor, even if the worker toiled selfishly? How, then, can the labor be misapplied?"

"Can you not see that, if every man worked with the love of benefitting the world in his heart, more good would be effected, than if he worked only for himself?"

"O, yes."

"And that he would have a double reward, in the natural compensation that labor receives, and in the higher satisfaction of having done good."

"Yes."

"To work for a lower end, then, is to misapply labor, so far as the man is concerned. He robs himself of his own highest reward, while Providence bends the efforts he makes, and causes them to effect good uses to the neighbor he would, in too many cases, rather injure than benefit."

"You have a curious way of looking at things, or, rather, *into* them," said Mr. Markland, forcing a smile. "There is a common saying about taking the conceit out of a man, and I must acknowledge that you can do this as effectually as any one I ever knew."

"When the truth comes to us," said the old gentleman, smiling in return, "it possesses the quality of a mirror, and shows us something of our real state. If we were more earnest to know the truth, so far as it applied to ourselves, we would be wiser, and, it is to be hoped, better. Truth is light, and when it comes to us it reveals our true relation to the world. It gives the ability to define our exact position, and to know, surely, whether we are in the right or the wrong way. How beautifully has it been called a lamp to our path. And truth possesses another quality—that of water. It cleanses as well as illustrates."

Mr. Markland bent his head in a thoughtful attitude, and walked on in silence. Mr. Allison continued :

"The more of truth we admit into our minds, the higher becomes our discriminating power. It not only gives the ability to know ourselves, but to know others. All our mental faculties come into a more vigorous activity."

"Truth! What is truth?" said Mr. Markland, looking up, and speaking in a tone of earnest inquiry.

"Truth is the mind's light," returned Mr. Allison, "and it comes to us from Him who said 'Let there be light, and there was light,' and who afterwards said, 'I am the light of the world.' There is truth and there is the doctrine of truth—it is by the latter that we are led into a knowledge of truth."

"But how are we to find truth? How are

we to become elevated into that region of light in which the mind sees clearly?"

"We must learn the way, before we can go from one place to another."

"Yes."

"If we would find truth, we must first learn the way, or the doctrine of truth; for doctrine, or that which illustrates the mind, is like a natural path or way, along which we walk to the object we desire to reach."

"Still I do not find the answer to my question. What or where is truth?"

"It often happens that we expect a very different reply to the query we make, from the one which in the end is received—an answer in no way flattering to self-love, or in harmony with our life-purpose. And when I answer you in the words of Him who spake as never man spoke—I am the way, the truth, and the life: I cannot expect my words to meet your state of earnest expectation—to be really light to your mind."

"No, they are not light—at least, not clear light," said Mr. Markland, in a rather disappointed tone. "If I understand the drift of what you have said, it is that the world has no truth but what stands in some relation to God, who is the source of all truth."

"Just my meaning," replied Mr. Allison.

A pause of some moments followed.

"Then it comes to this," said Mr. Markland, "that only through a religious life can a man hope to arrive at truth."

"Only through a life in just order," was the reply.

"What is a life in just order?"

"A life in harmony with the end of our creation."

"Ah! What a volume of meaning, hidden as well as apparent, does your answer involve. How sadly out of order is the world! how little in harmony with itself! Every man's history is a living attestation."

"If in the individual man we find perverted order, it cannot, of course, be different with the aggregated man."

"No."

"The out of order means, simply, an action or force, in the moral and mental machinery of the world, in a direction opposite to the right movement."

"Yes; that is clear."

"The right movement God gave to the mind of man at the beginning, when he made him in the likeness and image of himself."

"Undoubtedly."

"To be in the image and likeness of God, is, of course, to have qualities like him."

"Yes."

"Love is the essential principle of God—and love seeks the good of another, not its own good. It is, therefore, the nature of God to bless others out of himself; and that he might do this, he created man. Of course, only while man continued in true order could he be happy. The moment he obliterated the likeness and image of his Creator—that is, learned to love himself more than his neighbor—that moment true

order was perverted : then he becomes unhappy. To learn truth is to learn the way of return to true order. And we are not left in any doubt in regard to this truth. It has been written for us on Tables of Stone, by the fingers of God himself."

"In the Ten Commandments?"

"Yes. In them we find the sum of all religion. They make the highway along which man may return, without danger of erring, to the order and happiness that were lost far back in the ages now but dimly seen in retrospective vision. No lion is found in this way ; nor any ravenous beast ; but the redeemed of the Lord may walk there, and return with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads."

"It will be in vain, then, for man to hope for any real good in this life, except he keep the Commandments," said Mr. Markland.

"All in vain," was answered. "And his keeping of them must involve something more than a mere literal obedience. He must be in that interior love of what they teach, which makes obedience to the letter spontaneous, and not constrained. The outward act must be the simple effect of a living cause."

"Ah, my friend!" sighed Mr. Markland. "It may be a true saying, but who can hear it."

"We have wandered far in the wrong direction—are still moving with a swift velocity that cannot be checked without painfully jarring the whole machinery of life; but all this progress is towards misery, not happiness, and, as wise men, it behoves us to stop, at no matter what cost of present pain, and begin retracting the steps that have led only to discontent and disappointment. It is all in vain that we fondly imagine that the good we seek lies only a little way in advance—that the Elysian fields will, in the end, be reached. If we are descending instead of ascending, how are we ever to gain the mountain top? If we turn our backs upon the Holy City, and move on with rapid footsteps, is there any hope that we shall ever pass through its gates of pearl, or walk its golden streets. To the selfish natural mind, it is a 'hard saying,' as you intimate, for obedience to the Commandments requires the denial and rejection of self; and such a rejection seems like an extinguishment of the very life. But, if we reject this old, vain life, a new vitality, born of higher and more enduring principles, will at once begin. Remember that we are spiritually organized forms, receptive of life. If the life of selfish and perverted ends becomes inactive, a new, better, and truer life will begin. We must live, for life, inextinguishable life, is the inheritance received from the Creator, who is life eternal in Himself. It is with us to determine the quality of life. Live we must, and forever—whether in order or disorder, happiness or misery, is left to our own decision."

"How the thought, as thus presented," said Mr. Markland, very soberly—almost sadly—"thrills me to the very centre of my being. Ah! my excellent friend, what vast interests does this living involve."

"Vast to each one of us."

"I do not wonder," added Mr. Markland, "that the old hermit and anchorite, oppressed, so to speak, by the greatness of immortal interests over those involved in natural life, separated themselves from the world, that, freed from its allurements, they might lead the life of Heaven."

"Their mistake," said Mr. Allison, "was quite as fatal as the mistake of the worldling. Both missed the road to heaven."

"Both?" Mr. Markland looked surprised.

"Yes ; for the road to heaven lies through the very centre of the world, and those who seek by-paths will find their termination at an immense distance from the point they had hoped to gain. It is by neighborly love that we attain to a higher and diviner love. Can this love be born in us, if, instead of living in and for the world's good, we separate ourselves from our kind, and pass the years in fruitless meditation, or selfish idleness? No. The active bad man is often more useful to the world, than the naturally good, or harmless man, who is a mere drone. Only the brave soldier receives the laurels of his country's gratitude—the skulking coward is execrated by all."

The only response on the part of Markland, was a deep sigh. He saw the truth that would make him free ; but did not feel within himself a power sufficient to break the cords that bound him. The two men walked on in silence, until they came near a lovely retreat, half obscured by encircling trees, the scene of Fanny's recent and impassioned interview with Mr. Lyon. The thought of Mr. Allison at once reverted to his own meeting with Fanny in the same place, and the disturbed condition of mind in which he found her. The image of Mr. Lyon also presented itself. As the two men paused, at a point where the fountain and some of the fine statues were visible, Mr. Allison said, with an abruptness that gave the pulse of his companion a sudden acceleration :

"Did your English friend, Mr. Lyon, really go South, before you left for New York?"

"He did. But why do you make the inquiry?" Mr. Markland turned, and fixed his eyes intently upon the old man's face.

"I was sure that I met him a day or two ago. But I was mistaken, as a man cannot be in two places at once."

"Where did you see the person you took for Mr. Lyon?"

"Not far distant from here?"

"Where?"

"A little way from the railroad-station. He was coming in this direction, and, without questioning the man's identity, I naturally supposed that he was on his way to your house."

"Singular! Very singular!" Mr. Markland spoke to himself.

"I met Fanny a little while afterward," continued Mr. Allison, "and I learned from her that Mr. Lyon had actually left the city. No doubt I was mistaken ; but the person I saw was remarkably like your friend from England."

"Where did you meet Fanny?" abruptly asked Mr. Markland.

"In the little summer-house yonder. I stepped aside, as I often do, to enjoy the quiet beauty of the place for a few moments, and found your daughter there alone. She answered, as you have done, my inquiry about Mr. Lyon, that he left for the South a few days before."

"He did. And yet, singularly enough, you are not the only one who has mentioned to me that a person resembling Mr. Lyon was seen after he had left for the South—seen, too, almost on the very day that letters from him arrived by mail. The coincidence is at least remarkable."

"Remarkable enough," answered the old man, "to lead you, at least, to a close scrutiny into the matter."

"I believe it only to be a coincidence," said Mr. Markland, more confidently.

"If the fact of his being here, at the time referred to, would change in any respect your relation to him, then let me advise the most rigid investigation. I cannot get rid of the impression that he really was here—and, let me speak a plainer word—not that he met your daughter in the summer-house."

Markland started as if an adder had stung him, uttering the word—

"Impossible!"

"Understand me," calmly remarked the old man. "I do not say that it was so. I have no proof to offer. But the impression has haunted me ever since, and I cannot drive it away."

"It is only an impression, then?"

"Nothing more."

"But what was there in my daughter's conduct that led you to so strange an impression?"

"Her manner was confused; a thing that has never happened at any previous meeting with her. But, then, I came upon her suddenly, as she sat in the summer-house, and gave her, in all probability, a nervous start."

"Most likely that is the true interpretation. And I can account for her rather disturbed state of mind, on other grounds than a meeting with Mr. Lyon."

"That is good evidence on the other side," returned Mr. Allison. "And I hope you will pardon the freedom I have taken in speaking out what was in my thoughts. In no other way could I express so strongly the high regard I have for both yourself and family, and the interest I feel in your most excellent daughter. The singular likeness to Mr. Lyon in the person I met, and the disturbed state in which Fanny appeared to be, are facts that have kept almost constant possession of my mind, and haunted me ever since. To mention these things to you is but a common duty."

"And you have my thanks," said Mr. Markland, "my earnest thanks."

The two men had moved on, and were now at some distance from the point where the sight of the fountain and summer-house brought a vivid recollection to the mind of Mr. Allison of his interview with Fanny.

"Our ways part here," said the old man.

"Will you not keep on to the house? Your visits always give pleasure," said Mr. Markland.

"No—not at this time. I have some matters at home requiring present attention."

They stood and looked into each other's faces for a few moments, as if both had something yet in their minds unsaid, but not yet in a shape for utterance—then separated with a simple "Good-bye."

CHAPTER XIII.

This new testimony in regard to the presence of Mr. Lyon in the neighborhood, at a time when he was believed to be hundreds of miles away, and still receding as rapidly as swift car and steamer could bear him, might well disturb, profoundly, the spirit of Mr. Markland. What could it mean? How vainly he asked himself this question. He was walking onward, with his eyes upon the ground, when approaching feet made him aware of the proximity of some one. Looking up, he saw a man coming down the road from his house, and only a few rods distant from him.

"Mr. Lyon, now!" he exclaimed, in a low, agitated voice. "What does this mean?" he added, as his mind grew bewildered, and his footsteps were stayed.

Another moment, and he saw that he had erred in regard to the man's identity. It was not Mr. Lyon, but a stranger. Advancing again, they met, and the stranger pausing, said:

"Mr. Markland, I believe?"

"That is my name, sir," was answered.

"And my name is Willet."

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Markland, extending his hand. "I learned, to-day, in the city, that you had purchased Ashton's fine place. I am happy, sir, to make your acquaintance, and if there is anything in which I can serve you, do not hesitate to command me."

"Many thanks for your kind offer," returned Mr. Willet. "A stranger who comes to reside in the country, has need of friendly consideration; and I stand just in that relation to my new neighbors. To a certain extent, I am ignorant of the ways and means appertaining to the locality; and can only get enlightened through an intercourse with the older residents. But I have no right to be obtrusive, or to expect too much concession to a mere stranger. Until I am better known, I will only ask the sojourner's kindness—not the confidence one friend gives to another."

There was a charm about the stranger's manner, and a peculiar music in his voice, that won their way into the heart of Mr. Markland.

"Believe me, sir," he replied, "that my tender of friendly offices is no unmeaning courtesy. I comprehend, entirely, your position, for I once held just your relation to the people around me. And now, if there are any questions to which an immediate answer is desired, ask them freely. Will you not return with me to my house?"

"Thank you! Not now. I came over to ask if you knew a man named Burk, who lives in the neighborhood."

"Yes, very well," answered Mr. Markland.

"Is he a man to be depended upon?"

"He's clever, and a good man about a place;

but, I am sorry to say, not always to be depended upon."

"What is the trouble with him?" asked Mr. Willet.

"The trouble with most men who occasionally drink to excess."

"Oh! That's it. You've said enough, sir; he won't suit me. I shall have to be in the city, for a time, almost every day, and would not, by any means, feel safe or comfortable in knowing that such a person was in charge of things. Besides, my mother, who is getting in years, has a particular dread of an intoxicated man, and I would on no account expose her to the danger of being troubled from this cause. My sisters, who have lived all their lives in cities, will be timid in the country, and I therefore particularly desire the right kind of a man on the premises—one who may be looked to as a protector in my absence. You understand, now, what kind of a person I want?"

"Clearly."

"This Burk would not suit."

"I'm afraid not. But for the failing I have mentioned, you could hardly find a more capable, useful, or pleasant man in the neighborhood; but this mars all."

"It mars all for me, and for reasons I have just mentioned," said Mr. Willet; "so we will have to pass him by. Is there any other available man about here, who would make a trusty overseer?"

"I do not think of one, but will make it my business to inquire," returned Mr. Markland. "How soon will you move out?"

"In about a week. On Monday we shall send a few loads of furniture."

"Cannot you hire Mr. Ashton's gardener? He is trusty in every respect."

"Some one has been ahead of me," replied Mr. Willet. "He is already engaged, and will leave to-morrow."

"I'm sorry for that. Mr. Ashton spoke highly of him."

"His work speaks for him," said Mr. Willet. "The whole place is in beautiful order."

"Yes—it has always been the pride of its owner, and admiration of the neighborhood. I don't know how Mr. Ashton could make up his mind to part with it."

"I am certainly much obliged to him for yielding it to me," said Mr. Willet. "I regard myself as particularly fortunate. But I will not detain you. If you should think or hear of any one who will suit my purpose, I shall be under particular obligations, if you will let me know."

"If I can serve you in the matter, be sure that I will do so," replied Mr. Markland.

Mr. Willet thanked him warmly for the proffered kindness, and then the two men separated, each strongly and favorably impressed by the other.

"That startling mystery is solved," said Mr. Markland, taking a deep breath. "This is the other Dromio. I don't wonder that Mr. Allison and Mr. Lamar were deceived. I was, for a moment. What a likeness he bears to Mr.

Lyon! Ah, well!—the matter has worried me, for a short time, dreadfully. I was sure that I knew my man, but this strange affirmation in regard to him, threw me into terrible doubts. Thank fortune! the mystery is completely solved. I must go back to the city this very afternoon, and see Brainard. It will not do for him to remain long in doubt. His mind might take a new direction, and become interested in some other enterprise. There is no other man with whom, in so important a business as this, I would care to be associated."

And Mr. Markland, thus communing with himself, moved onward, with light and rapid footsteps, towards his dwelling. A mountain had been lifted from his heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SONG OF LABOR.

BY MARY ANN WHITAKER.

Thank God for those true, earnest men,
Ordained by Him to bless

This busy world with honest toil,

And soul-born happiness.

Join hand and heart to welcome them,

The great ones of the earth,

Who claim the hallowed rights bestowed

On all of noble birth:

For spirits of such lofty mould

Are noble, though decried

By pompous, foolish worshippers

Of worldly rank and pride.

Like pillars round some grand old pile,

They stand in conscious power,

To give support, and beautify

High domes of thought, which tower

Above the trembling prison-walls

Of vanity and sin,

Reared by self-loving Pharisees

To hide the wrong within:

Yes! the strong arm of malice,

Alone is firm and sure,

To bear the social edifice

And make its fame endure!

May Heaven its choicest blessings give,

To dwell within the heart

Of every faithful son of toil,

Who bravely does his part:

Let rev'rent voices own their worth,

And willing hands extend

To grasp the rough but honest palm,

And hail the laborer "Friend."

Ye weak of faith! throw off the chains,

Which custom binds around

Your souls; and free, as brothers live

On God's own holy ground.

THE DIVINE LOVE towards the whole human race is infinite; it is, that it may save them, make them blessed and happy to eternity, and appropriate to them its own divine quality, so far as it can be received.

WE ARE so made, that each of us regards himself as the mirror of the community: what passes in our minds infallibly seems to us a history of the universe. Every man is like the drunkard who reports an earthquake, because he feels himself staggering.

LAYERING.

The branch of which the layer is to be made, should be prepared by cutting off the leaves from that part which is to be covered with earth. If the plant is of woody texture, a ring of the bark about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch broad, should be cut off also. If the branch belongs to a jointed plant like the Carnation, &c., a sharp penknife should be passed through its centre, so as to split it at the joint and for about a half inch above and below it. This ringing or incision is useful, as it partially interrupts the flow of the sap, arresting a portion of it at the point from which the young roots are to spring. A small portion of the earth should then be removed, and the prepared branch should be secured in the cavity by a hooked peg. It should then be covered with light rich mould, not that removed, from one to two inches deep. The depth should vary according to the character of the plant, the more succulent requiring the shallower covering, and the more woody and dry, the deeper. When the layers have struck root, they should be severed from the parent plant, and potted, or planted in the garden by themselves. Most of our frequent flowering garden roses, grape vines, gooseberry bushes, snowballs, honey-suckles, and shrubbery in general, may, by this means be readily and easily propagated to almost any extent; and if the layering be done soon after the full blooming of the plant is nearly over, the effect upon the stock is beneficial rather than injurious.

This mode of layering is limited in its application to plants with decumbent stems, and those having branches sufficiently long and flexible to admit of their being bent to the earth in which the plant is growing. Another method is required for layering those of erect habit, with short, rigid limbs.

It is related by Humboldt, the celebrated naturalist, that when travelling in the forests of South America, he met with a tree or shrub, with which he was particularly pleased, if he could not obtain its seeds in a ripe state, he managed to obtain a living plant, by a very simple contrivance. Having selected a suitable branch, he took off a ring of bark, from a half inch to an inch in length, and making a paste of the earth, in which the plant grew, he fixed it carefully round the branch, at and just above the ring, and fastened it there by means of some strips of coarse cloth, which he always carried with him for the purpose. The ring checking the descent of the sap, caused it to send forth roots into the earth affixed; which, being kept constantly damp by the humidity of the climate, afforded them plenty of nourishment. Returning to the spot some months afterward, he almost invariably found his layer ready for severing from the parent plant, and prepared to endure transportation.

An improvement on the above may be made

by having a tin vessel, of the shape of an inverted, truncated cone, to contain the earth. This vessel should be made in two parts, united on one side by hinges, and having a hook on the other, by which it may be kept close after it is put round the branch. A small flower-pot cut vertically in half, and kept together when in use, by a twine string, makes a good substitute for the tin vessel. But the neatest and most convenient instrument for pot-layering, is that shown in the engraving. It is called Appleby's propa-



gator, from the name of its inventor. It is shown unconnected at *a* in the figure; *b* is the same when in use: *c* is merely a stake inserted in the socket at the lower end of the pot *b*, for the purpose of keeping it steady in its proper position. The loop hole at the side of the pot, (*a* and *b*.) is about half an inch wide, and one and a half or two inches long, left for the admission of the layer. The small hole at the base of the pot, is made to let out superfluous water. This propagator should be made of unglazed earthen ware, and should be about four inches wide and six inches deep. It is well adapted to the propagation of Orange and Lemon trees, Oleanders, and all plants of similar habit.

HOME HEROICS.

[To lovers of art we commend the following admirable paper from the *Crayon*:]

Judging by the prevalent choice of subject among our High Art painters, we should imagine that the worth and dignity of humanity had perished, and that we must be for ever raising monuments in commemoration of their former existence. Not a painter scarcely dreams of finding a noble subject in his own times.

Men who aim at painting *great* pictures must turn their face backward, and journey a century or two, at least, into the mists through which the past looms up, greater than itself—mighty, only because incomprehensible—more dignified, because its faults have become obscured.

It is a curse to us perpetually—this disposition to look abroad and back for things worthy of reverence and study. It may be hopeless—we confess to something like despair thinking of it—to attempt to induce our countrymen to look near home for their ideals. Yet, hopeless as it is, on it depends the prospect of all future greatness for our Art. It is impossible that the race should have so changed, that the deeds of to-day should be less noble than those of three hundred years ago. And yet to such a conclusion would the practice of Art at this day lead: for true it is that an artist, desiring to enter what is generally known as the High Art field, rarely, if ever, takes for his subject a modern incident.

If it be not true that the race has lost its former worth, there is no other alternative than that Art is a thing of the surface merely—dealing with religious garbs and historical costumes. To admit this, is to abandon all claim for it as a moral agent, and make the artist, after all, only a minister to the sensuous nature. We cannot willingly take such a position, since it follows, as a consequence, that Art is folly, and its worshippers, idlers. There is a vitality—an immortality—in it, though ages may overlook its messages, and leave it in degradation; and it is due to the world that the philosopher—the moralist—the statesman—do their part in giving it its birthright.

We acknowledge all the objections that can be urged against a modern standard of heroism on the score of costume—we are willing to admit that it would be difficult to conceive a beautiful or dignified figure in our nineteenth century costume, but it is not in the power of such trifles to destroy a noble conception—true genius will ride over them, and even accomplish its ends seemingly by their aid. But, if our mere externals so limit the range of Art, then Art must mould these externals to suit it—it must change the costume, the habits, and the surroundings of men.

And if this, which we believe to be easy, were impossible, still it must be felt that the true end of Art is the expression of the inner nature—the characteristics of the soul. It must be felt that there is a beauty which will shine through all externals, and will insist on being seen

through rags even, and the representation of this will make Art noble and worthy, without regard to forms or material appearances. The true Artistic Beauty will redeem even an ugly garb in which it may chance to be dressed, and to those who are capable of seeing through its disguises, will sanctify the homliest guise.

The true secret of the attainment of High Art, then, is not in the draping of models, but in the education of our inner selves to the perception of that which is noblest and most beautiful in the soul of man—the god-like and heavenly. The artist has learned the secret of that attainment when he has made his own soul noble and beautiful, for only then can he see the nobility and beauty in others. We shall never make a grand school of Art, by sending artists where they have facilities for studying middle-age costumes, or the habits of the so-called heroic ages, but by our artists becoming lofty in their natures, and conscientious in their labors, and regards both of Nature and Art. That is the highest Art which tells the grandest truths, and the grandest truths will be told by the grandest souls, without regard to age or locality.

There is a heroism in the commonest true life worthy an Art mightier than that of Phidias—subjects more fraught with high and holy meaning than any the Middle Age has given us, in the history of every suffering, aspiring heart. Sorrows are thrown before our eyes every day, if we were capable of reading them, which would benefit the world for ever if once well told; and no man can be a true artist without finding in his own history that which better satisfies the definition of heroism than the actions of Greek or Crusader. They are Home Heroics that touch and better the heart—that Art which most humbly goes down into the depths of our poor human heart is the highest, best.

LABOR AND REST.

"Two hands upon the breast and labor is past."

—Russian proverb.

"Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done:

Two pale feet crossed in rest—

The race is won:

Two eyes with coin-weight shut,

And all tears cease:

Two lips where grief is mute,

And wrath at peace."

So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot:
God in His kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work addrest

Aye for his praise:

Two feet that never rest,

Walking His ways:

Two eyes that look above

Still, through all tears,

Two lips that breathe but love,

Never more fears."

So cry we afterwards, low at our knees:

Pardon those erring prayers! Father, here these!

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL,

MY FIRST PLAYMATE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Fair be the skies above thee,
Friend of my earliest days.
I knew thee but to love thee,
And I name thee but to praise.

When we stand upon the summit of life's steep and slippery hill, and glance backwards, along the path by which we have been led hitherto, it is enough to sadden the lightest heart, to note the numberless broken ties, to remember the many sorrowful farewell words that have rendered painful our past pilgrimage.

As we look longer at the path behind us, we catch glimpses of once loved forms and faces, we hear the tones of the glad and pleasant voices of the friends of old, and we see again the spot where the last parting was made with one and another of the tried and true, who had thus far been our companions, but whose life path led another way, to cross our own no more.

And here and there along the way we see the graves, to whose keeping we committed with many tears, those we could keep no longer from the earth's cold bosom. Ah, those graves! we have journeyed on and left them; our hands may not keep the sods above the forms they cover fresh and green, but we see them still, and the trust that each one holds is remembered well.

And still backwards look we, unto childhood's earliest time. Of all the youthful friends that our life's morning knew, is there not always *one* who seems nearer, who was dearer than all?

The first playmate is generally the one remembered longest and loved the best; and the first and dearest playmate of my childhood was Mary Reed.

That simple and unpretending name touches a tender chord in my world-worn heart, which no other can reach. It has a look of home hovering, like a halo, about it, and its utterance is, for me, a signal for the awaking of some of the sweetest and purest memories of my life.

My home, in those days, was a wide and square-built house, in a New England village, and never was that home as pleasant to me as when Mary was there.

In the grove at some distance back of the house, we used to have fine sport, until one day we both became terribly frightened at something which, to our excited imaginations, looked like half man, half bear, which growled upon us from a tree, and seemed to be preparing to come down. Mary was several years older than I, and could run much faster, but not a step would she stir without me. How we ever reached home I cannot tell, but we never visited the grove again, nor did we ever discover the nature of the beast by which we were so terrified.

Our wide, old mansion, with its pleasant hall (running the whole length of the house,) its painted floors, large, cool parlor, and *pictured walls*, was a pleasant dwelling.

The parlor was a favorite place of resort for

Mary and I. Its walls were covered with pictured groups of shepherds watching their sheep, with the faces of both shepherds and sheep we were well acquainted, and with several of them we cultivated a peculiar intimacy.

There was to me a sort of sacredness about these little pastoral groups, arising from the fact of my having always associated them with what my mother had told me of the Saviour, as a shepherd, or, as being himself gentle and pure as a lamb, and having been "led like a sheep to the slaughter." Often and often did that dear mother tell me the story of Jesus, and speak of him as "the Good Shepherd," who carried the little lambs in his bosom, and never did I look at the pictured shepherds, on that old parlor wall, without thinking of *Him*, and wondering if they who made those pictures had ever heard or read the history of that Good Shepherd, and so tried to make some representation of him and his lambs.

I don't think I ever spoke of these thoughts to any one, not even to Mary Reed, for I was very backward about imparting any of my *theological meditations*, although my mind was very frequently occupied by them, from the very beginning of my childhood.

Still, I could tell Mary many of my speculations concerning my friends, the shepherds and their flocks, for I had named them, and given to many a peculiar history, and Mary also, had her views respecting them.

Mary lived on the other side of the river from my father's house, but I could see her home from our chamber windows, and many a time have I stood at those windows or upon the banks of the river, wishing that I could see Mary, and feeling sure that I could make her hear me call her, if she would only come out of doors.

My mother dearly loved the mother of Mary, and was much beloved in return, and so the love of their children seemed very natural. I cannot speak for my friend; but as for me, when she came to visit me, and when I could play with her, or sit down with her on one side of me, and my mother on the other, I was completely satisfied and happy.

Bitter were the tears I always shed when she went home; even yet I cannot help feeling something of sorrow, as I remember our *last* parting, though it was many years ago.

Ah, dear Mary, never in all my wanderings, and they have been many and far, never in all the changes of my eventful life, have I found one who could wholly fill your place in my heart, and although I may never see you more on earth, your gentleness and affection will not be forgotten. The memory of you will always be one of the highest and dearest of my life.

As I think of you, my Mary, I think also of my mother, the good, the noble, and true-hearted one, who, in the midst of her days, went down into the grave, crushing in her fall the hearts of

those who loved her, and leaving behind her a most desolate home. I think also of my father, as then he stood before me, tall and cheerful, or as he rode that fiery horse of his, which I so much admired and feared; or as he sat beside my mother, and smiled upon her, and sung with her the songs I can remember still. Ah me, dear Mary, the brightest hours are fleetest of all.

And I think of the last time I saw your mother, Mary; it was after mine had gone to a better home, and I was motherless. I approached your father's house, and your mother came out to meet me; she was weeping, and as she folded me to her bosom with a sad, but most fervent, "God bless you, my poor child!" I too burst into tears, for my wounds seemed to bleed afresh at the sight of one who had been my mother's true and intimate friend.

You were then no longer an inmate of your mother's house; you were a *matron* yourself then, and had your own portion of family cares and joys. Many years had fled since we used to

play together in the fields and woods, and my home was in a city far away, and I have never seen you since, dear Mary; yet I love you still.

Oh, time's changes! how rapid, how constant, how mournful they are; one by one friends depart; no matter how near, or how dear, they go; some to the grave, others to distant scenes; but they *leave us*, and they are our familiar companions no more. In view of this one fact, should we not be led to look for some *enduring* inheritance, to set our affections firmly upon the things that are eternal, and *not* too fixedly on the things of time, which only rend our heart-strings, in being wrenched away. Would that *all* might turn more earnestly heavenward as the uncertain possessions of earth forsake them, for *there* are friends that never die, *there* is a home which is never desolated, *there* is peace and joy which passes not away.

There's a better home than this world can know,
For the souls that may enter there.
And the blasts of sorrow can never blow,
In those summer regions fair.

'TWAS BUT A THOUGHT.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

'Twas but a thought of the old vain life,
 In the years of long ago—
Distant, and dim as a troubled dream;
 All over now!
But the weary struggle of vanish'd years—
 The torturing strife—
The buffettings with the storm, and spray,
 Of my restless life—
The night of the tempest has died away,
 The surging waves are calm—
And a pitying God pours on my heart
 The oil and balm!

It must have been long ago that time
 Of misery and despair,
When I shriek'd, and raved what my prison walls
 Shuddered to hear!
When I prest my burning eyeballs close
 To the grating dim,
And a throng of pallid faces peer'd
 Through the darkness grim;
And their mocking voices shouted loud
 Through the midnight hours,
While nameless something I dreaded strove
 With an awful power.

Huge clouds in a heaven of brassy hue
 Loomed on my sight—
Shutting away from my aching eyes
 God's free fair light:
And I felt the strong delirium glow
 Like a withering flame—
Till the thread of my feeble senses went,
 And madness came!
And I saw in that horror-peopled vale
 Pass to and fro
The Dead of my Heart who were laid at rest
 Long years ago!

'Twas but a thought of the old vain life,
 In the years of long ago—
Distant, and dim as a troubled dream;
 All over now!
I remember the Friend of my girlish days
 Carried me far away,
And the fever-shadows left my brain,
 From that happy day.
We paused by an old gray gabled house,
 Oh, joy! I knew it well—
Each room revived in my wakened heart
 Some oiden spell!

The stone cage yet stood on the pointed roof
 Of the moss-grown well—
The robin that sang in the leafy elm
 Haunted it still!
The flower-yard, and the sodded walk,
 In spring so green—
The clover patch—the orchard trees
 The maple's sheen;
The lilac that brushed the window pane
 Of my sleeping room—
And the sweet June roses on either side
 In crimson bloom.

The swing tied on the topmost bough
 Of the old apple tree—
And my playmates waiting each her turn,
 All—all I see!
It must have been long ago, that time
 I passed beneath the rod—
I have found the "dew of my youth" again,
 Blessed be God!
'Twas but a thought of my old vain life
 In the years of long ago.
Distant, and dim as a troubled dream;
 All over now!

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"All about,
The broad sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air." — LONGFELLOW.

It was a calm, shady summer afternoon. Such an afternoon as seems to me always a poem, rich, mellow, complete; with nothing of a turgid, stirring, *Ossian* swell about it; but a calm, soothing *Bryant*-poem, one of those afternoons that are Nature's "lullaby" to the soul.

I was at Valley Falls, at grandmother's. Somehow I am happier there than I am in the city, though my sisters would think it was very ungrateful of me, to say so when they buy me four new silk dresses every year, and I can ride down Broadway in their own carriage, every pleasant afternoon.

They are very fashionable ladies, my sisters. They live in great stone houses on Fifth Avenue, and when they sweep up and down their magnificent parlors, the blaze of their diamonds puts to shame the light of the chandeliers.

They are called very elegant and exclusive, my sisters, and dear me! what a strife there is among the ladies down town, to have their names on their visiting list—then their parties are said to be the most *recherche* of the season, and the dress maker and milliner who can say they made Mrs. Devoo's last ball dress, or Mrs. St. Clair's beauty of a spring hat, think their fortunes are made. I am very unlike my sisters, and they say it is a source of constant anxiety to them. They tell me it betrays such a painful want of musical taste to prefer our old church organ to the opera, and the wind in the great maple branches at Valley Falls, to Jenny Lind's bird song.

Then too I love the green meadows, and the mountain daisies, and the cool sweet breath of the country clovers, and the broad, clear, sunshine, so much better than the drawing rooms, with their dim, pink-rose light, their carved arches, and their Parisian carpets.

But as I was saying, I was at grandmother's, and my sisters were at Newport, and Nahant; and I should have been with them, if mamma, before she died, had not exacted a promise that I should pass every summer at Valley Falls; and, so every June I say "good bye" to the city, and with a heart glad as bees in May clover, or a bird among apple boughs, I come up here to the old gray "farm-house" where my mother lived, and where my grandmother once said, "would God she had died."

I was sitting by the window, where the plum boughs leaned up against the side of the house, and the green leaves brushed my forehead as they went to and fro to the low rhythm of the summer wind, when I heard the gate latch unclose, and peeping between the branches, I saw a female coming up the walk. The sunshine fell full on her face and figure, so I could see her distinctly. She was an old lady; there was no relief to the thick white hair that was neatly

parted, and gathered under her lace cap, for she wore no bonnet. There was a kind of solemn dignity in the old lady's manner, as she came up the walk, her black silk dress brushing the gravel stones.

There was an expression too in her face, that attracted while it repelled me. It was a proud face; time had gathered the once smooth forehead into thick wrinkles, and hollowed the cheeks, and sharpened the mouth, but no work of time could erase the expression of those features. Even in death you felt it would be still a *proud face*.

But it was a mournful one; not the mournfulness alone of old age, and a heart weary, and almost done with life, but that of a mighty grief, an ever-present, ever-living sorrow.

There was a strange expression too in the eyes. I did not observe this at first; not until she passed in front of the house, and they wandered eagerly all over it, as though she were searching for some person at all the windows.

There was an indescribable somewhat in those eyes that terrified me, as at last they alighted on my face.

The old lady drew under the tree. "Good afternoon, miss," she said with a stately dignity that was strangely impressive.

"Have you seen Maurise this afternoon?"

"No, madam, I have not," I answered, divining at once that my questioner was laboring under mental aberration, "I am not acquainted with the person of whom you speak."

"Mrs. Hillyard," called out a voice before the old lady had time to reply, and then I saw a plainly dressed, middle aged woman, hastily coming towards her.

"My dear madam," she said, "we have been searching for you every where. How could you walk so far without either bonnet or shawl, in this warm sun? I have brought yours with me, and we had better return now."

"But I thought Maurise might have passed this way," said the old lady doubtfully, as she received the bonnet.

"No, I am quite certain she has not;" answered her companion in a soothing tone. "Nobody has seen her."

The old lady sighed so mournfully, that it brought the tears into my eyes. She took the arm of her attendant, between whom and myself a quick signal of intelligence had passed, and they went out.

Of course my curiosity was greatly excited. "Grandma knows everybody in these parts;" I murmured to myself, "and as soon as her afternoon nap is over, I'll go down and ask her who in the world Mrs. Hillyard is."

"Grandma, oh! I am so glad to find you are up, for the oddest circumstance happened about half an hour ago;" and I related the singular occurrence to which I had been a witness.

"Poor Mrs. Hillyard," said my grandmother, shaking her head, and sighing, "how true it is that God contemneth the 'high look, and the proud heart.'"

"Tell me all about it; won't you, grandma? I am just in the mood for hearing a story now, and I know this will be so interesting;" and I drew a stool to my grandmother's feet, as I always do to anybody's if I dare, when they tell me a story.

It was just the time and place for telling one. I want you to mind this, and to *feel* that you are there too, while I relate it in my grandmother's own words.

It was a bed room at the corner of the house, the cosiest, most comfortable little nook in creation. A thick vine grew over the low window and filled the room with a cool fresh dimness, like that of wood shadows, and the wind came up to us with a low pleasant rustle, which always fills the heart with sweet thoughts. Oh! there is no place for telling stories like a bedroom in the country.

My grandma gave two or three preliminary motions to her rocking chair, and commenced.

"You remember, Luella, the large old house we passed yesterday, when we rode down to the Falls?"

"What," I said, "the one with the gray front, and the brier clambering over the steps, and such a mournful, grave-yard atmosphere about it, that I couldn't help shuddering as we passed it."

"Yes, but once, Luella," and grandma's hand was laid fondly on my head, "a being, young and fair, and light hearted as you are, sprang gracefully down those old stone steps, and her sweet laugh woke up the echoes that have long slumbered round the old house.

Mrs. Hillyard was a proud woman, and her pride has been her ruin, and, alas! not hers alone.

Her husband was a young man, when he brought his fair but haughty looking bride to Valley Falls.

He was a kind, genial hearted man, too, and the neighbors often wondered what induced him to wed a woman so cold and inaccessible as Mrs. Hillyard proved herself in all her intercourse with the people.

They said she came from an old but decayed English family, and it may be that education had developed and matured this inherent pride. I cannot tell; but it is best to deal gently as we can with those whom God has smitten.

Mrs. Hillyard loved her husband. I had no doubt of that, from the honor that I first saw them together; for a sudden light would kindle up the cold proud face whenever he addressed her, and sometimes, I have heard the soft tones grow eager, and full of womanly affection as they answered him.

We were never intimate, Mrs. Hillyard and I, still we always interchanged formal visits, so my opinion of her character was founded rather on personal observation, than on the remarks which her coldness and exclusiveness induced from envious and gossiping neighbors.

Years rolled on, Mr. Hillyard was slowly

amassing a fortune in his profession, and one fair child had opened a new fountain of love in the heart of his wife, when one day, on returning from some neighboring village his horse took fright.

Mr. Hillyard, if I remember right, had purchased him only the day before, and probably did not understand managing the terrified animal.

At all events, after dashing over the main road for some two miles, he threw his rider; Mr. Hillyard was discovered and carried home to a bed from which he never arose. He lived only two days.

I remember how my heart ached for the almost distracted wife. I always believed it was nothing but the little Maurise who saved her mother from following her father.

The grief of the poor woman was terrible to behold. They were obliged at last to carry her by force from the body of her dead husband; and yet, I have sometimes looked out on the marble urn that rises among the thick hemlock trees, and thought it would have been better if two hearts were lying beneath it.

But Mrs. Hillyard lived, and Maurise grew into womanhood. I can see her now, (and my grandmother dropped her voice as though she were talking quite to herself.)

She had the pure, oval features of her mother, with the dark eyes, and bright smile of her father. Her hair, was that golden color that seems always fading off into a rich, bronze shade, and her eyes always reminded me of the violets that grew when I was a girl deep in the shadows of the mountains."

"And was she as good as she was beautiful, grandma," I whispered.

The old lady started as though she had quite lost sight of her hearer. "Yes, Luella, Maurise's nature was as pure, and gentle, and vine-like, as her mother's was cold, stern, and self-reliant.

Mrs. Hillyard loved her child with all the strength of her proud, exclusive nature, and so Maurise's feet came up through green paths to her early womanhood.

Then, for the first time at a fair in the old church, Austin Enfield met Maurise Hillyard. He was a young physician, who had received his diploma the previous winter. He was poor, his mother was a widow residing in an adjoining village, and it was reported that she had bound shoes, and so defrayed a portion of her son's expenses through college. But physically, and intellectually Dr. Enfield was a noble specimen of young manhood, and I do not wonder when the deep, rich tones of his voice first greeted the ear of Maurise Hillyard, that her graceful head was turned quickly, and her blue eyes looked eagerly in his face.

They were mutually fascinated. The young doctor possessed peculiar conversational talent, and in our quiet, out-of-the-way village, Maurise had never met his equal.

Well, they went home to dream of each other, I suppose, and the next day, as Maurise was walking out, the doctor met her, and judging by

the length of their absence, they must have achieved quite a pedestrian feat that afternoon.

The doctor had engaged to pass that summer at Valley Falls; hence he and Maurise were thrown constantly together.

Mrs. Hillyard was an indulgent mother. She was proud of the attentions her daughter received, as the doctor was quite the lion of Valley Falls, and very injudiciously, (considering her ambitious projects for her daughter's future,) allowed the doctor's visits.

You have guessed the rest, Luella, I see it in your eyes.

One night in early September, the doctor, as was his custom, accompanied Maurise home from singing school. They paused in the old grove of pines, where you say the wind is always singing mournful love ballads. There the young doctor told the story of his love.

Maurise's shadow-filled eyes were very bright with tenderness as she answered, "If mamma consents I will be your wife, Austin."

They went home; the doctor left her at her mother's gate; Maurise went in, laid her bright head in her mother's lap, and told her what she had said.

"Maurise, my daughter," and for the first time those calm, low tones sent a chill to the girl's heart. "You shall never be the wife of Austin Enfield."

"But, mother, I love him so, it will break my heart to give him up. I cannot, I cannot!" Maurise's voice crushed down her sobs as she repeated it.

The night was coming up into the gray shades of morning, before the mother and daughter separated. It had been a season of extreme suffering to both.

Maurise had proven that she inherited some of the character and firmness of her parent.

All the mother could urge in defence of her adverse position, was the poverty of the doctor, and his family's want of social eminence.

"I never can, I never will give my consent, Maurise," she repeated. "You, whom I yet hope to see the wife of one of the first men in our country—you, wedded to a beggar!"

"A beggar! mamma." The sweet face flushed with anger. "For the sake of your child, do not couple that name with Austin Enfield."

"Well, he is neither rich nor honorable among men. If he were, you should have my consent to your union. As it is, I shall never grant it."

"Don't, mother, unless you would kill me, say this. Only tell me, if he wins riches and distinction, I may be his wife. We are both young, and can wait many years, and patiently."

And the mother looked on the pleading, tear-stained face of her child, and the woman that was in her relentlessness.

"If he earn wealth, and can place you in a social position, which will do you honor to be his wife, then, and only then, Maurise, will I consent."

The next day the doctor called. Mrs. Hillyard had a long interview with him.

It was decided that Maurise should wait five

years, and that during that time no intercourse, except what passed under the mother's supervision, should occur between them.

The doctor was to leave Valley Falls immediately. If he was successful in his profession during that period; if he could place Maurise in an elevated social position, at the end of that time, Mrs. Hillyard would no longer oppose their union.

"You have heard my stipulations. You can accede to them or not. I have only presented them, because this thing involves the happiness of my child," was the not very flattering conclusion of Mrs. Hillyard's remarks that morning.

But the doctor was young, and his nature was high and hopeful. Moreover, he loved Maurise as he could never again love woman; so he said to her stately mother:

"I will accede to your propositions, Mrs. Hillyard, hard as they seem to me. In five years, if God prosters me, I will come back and claim your daughter."

The young couple had a brief interview that morning, and then they separated for five years.

Time wore on. Dr. Enfield went to Europe to seek that fortune which alone would entitle him to the hand of Maurise; for, in her last interview with him, the girl had said:

"Austin, I will never wed any other man; but, even as your wife, I could not be happy with the curse of my mother on our union."

Two years went by. Austin wrote very hopefully to his beloved, and she had begun to dream of the time when her bright head should lie again in the sheltering of his arms.

It was in the soft June days, that a gentleman, who was travelling through the interior of the State, stopped one Saturday afternoon at Valley Falls, and, as it was late, concluded to wait till Monday, before prosecuting farther his journey.

On the Sabbath he attended morning service, and there he saw Maurise Hillyard. I remember how she looked that morning, as though I had seen her yesterday. Her new blue hat harmonized so completely with her pure complexion, and its drooping lilies of the valley trembled against her flushed cheeks, as she came, graceful and reed-like, up the old church aisle, behind her mother.

The rustle of her lilac silk, the waving of her embroidered cape, yet live in my memory; and the small fingers clasped over her hymn book, come back to complete the sweet vision of early womanhood.

Mr. Wilnot, the stranger, was a middle-aged, and noble looking man, with that indefinable air, made up of courtesy and character, which at once distinguishes the accomplished gentleman.

He had borne, with undisturbed equanimity, the curious glances of the five hundred eyes that greeted his entrance into the old church; but, when Maurise passed before him, a sudden start, and a visible change came over the gentleman's face.

She sat where he could have a distinct view of her face, during the service; and, it must be admitted, his eyes wandered oftener to the

maiden than to the minister that morning—and I doubt not but her mother, though she sat calm and erect as usual, was quite aware of this fact.

Mr. Wilmot did not leave Valley Falls the next day, as he stated to his host he should do.

It was very easy for him to procure an introduction to Mrs. Hillyard and her daughter, which he did, through the intervention of the Squire, that same evening.

Mrs. Hillyard learned, through this latter gentleman, that Mr. Wilmot was a widower and a millionaire; and from that hour the ambitious mother formed a project, which her bright child, who was to be its victim, little dreamed of.

No efforts within the mother's limited means had been spared, to render Maurise's education equal to the position which her parent had dreamed always she should occupy, and Mr. Wilmot found the country girl as intelligent as she was beautiful.

He was exceedingly agreeable in manner, and conversation, and he was so much older than Maurise, and his attentions were bestowed in such a quiet, half-fatherly manner, that the girl little suspected what an intimate relation they had with her future.

So she laughed and sang, she walked and rode, with Mr. Wilmot, and her mother looked on, with her sweet, cold smile, and planned and exulted.

At the end of two weeks, business imperatively summoned Mr. Wilmot from Valley Falls. The night before he left, he had a long interview with Mrs. Hillyard; and the offer he made her child was certainly a flattering one, though he had three children, and was as old as Maurise's father.

"I will give your child an old name and an honorable one; I will surround her loveliness with every luxury that pride and my great wealth can procure; and in the home to which I shall take her, her beauty and her intelligence will win her the homage they deserve."

And the mother laid up his words in her heart, and in an evil hour they brought forth ruin, despair, and death.

"Maurise, my child, come and sit down at my feet."

The mother's voice was very tender that evening, and Maurise went to her feet, and laid her little hands in her lap.

And then her mother told the astonished girl the proud offer that Mr. Wilmot had made her. Oh! it was a gorgeous future the ambitious woman painted for her child—a future to dazzle the brain and lead astray the heart of a girl of twenty; and thus she concluded, kissing the uplifted forehead:

"And now, dear, Mr. Wilmot said he would return in a month for my answer; and, then, shall I not tell him my Maurise will be his bride?"

Those blue, bewildered eyes moved not from the lady's face while she spoke; but Maurise answered:

"Mother, have you forgotten my troth-plight to Austin Enfield? I can never marry any other man."

"Nonsense, my child; it is quite time you had lost sight of that foolish dream of your girlhood. Your life will be far above the plodding way on which Austin Enfield would take you. Come, it is high time you should forget him!"

"Never, never! mother, till I lie down where my heart will put aside its memories forever, will it forget Austin Enfield!"

She syllabled the name with a world of tenderness, as she sprang from her mother's feet, her eyes brightening like night-stars off which rolls suddenly a summer-cloud.

I know not whether it is true, but the neighbors say that the light in Mrs. Hillyard's drawing-room burned again till the gray of the morning, as the mother and the daughter sat there; and they say more than this, that at last the proud woman knelt at the feet of her daughter, and implored her, in the name of her mother's love, to become the wife of Mr. Wilmot.

And Maurise answered through her sobs, as she covered her pale face to shut out the vision of her kneeling mother:

"I cannot, mother, for I do not love him!"

I do not know, Luella, at what time the tempter came to the heart of Mrs. Hillyard, and first whispered that dark deed, for whose perpetration she paid so dearly. I know not what struggle the quiet of her own chamber, or the stars of midnight, witnessed. I only know that the evil conquered.

"Maurise, I have had a letter to-day. Can you guess from whom?"

Maurise could not see her mother's face, as she said the words, for the lady was bending over her sewing.

"No. I'll give it up at once, mamma." The girl looked up from her book, and answered indifferently.

"It was from Austin Enfield, and I thought you might be interested in its contents."

The book dropped from Maurise's fingers. Her face grew pale, and her eyes bright.

"What did he say, mamma?"

"Something which you should know, my child; and yet I am reluctant to tell you, for fear it will give you pain."

"No matter. Tell me quick, mamma; anything is better than suspense." Her voice was quick and husky.

And Mrs. Hillyard told her daughter that the doctor had written from Italy, requesting that their engagement might be annulled—doubting not, as he said, that the matured judgment of Miss Hillyard would concur with his own in this matter, as it probably originated on her part, as it did on his, in a childish partiality, of which late years, more especially *late attachments*, had taught him the weakness.

Maurise rose up and went to her mother's side. She was very calm, but the shroud-plaits were never drawn over a whiter face.

"Mother," she said, "let me see that letter!"

Her mother took it from her pocket, and laid it in her hands.

And Maurise read it; his own words in his

own handwriting. She gave it back quietly, as she had received it.

"Come, darling, don't look so, for it troubles me. He was not worthy of you, and I would forget him at once. Shall I write that you will release him?"

Maurise put her hand to her forehead.

"Yes; tell him this without delay. At least, I will not stand in the way of his happiness."

Her eyes had a strange, far-off look in them, as she said the words; and she turned to leave the room, and with her second step sank senseless to the floor.

"And he did not write that letter, the doctor did not write it," I whispered, drawing closer to my grandmother.

"No, dear. She wrote it herself, the day before, with his last letter to her child lying before her—that letter full of the great love and the high hopes that were in his heart.

I must hurry through with the remainder of my sad history, Luella, for the sun is sloping westward.

In a month, Mr. Wilmot, as he had stipulated, returned, and Mrs. Hillyard met him in the parlor, and whispered:

"My daughter has consented. She will be your wife."

In two weeks they were married. There was a wedding-festival such as Valley Falls had never witnessed. There were crowds of city guests, and the beauty of Mr. Wilmot's village bride was the theme of all their lips. They were married in the morning, and bridal crown never rested on brighter head, and bridal vows were never breathed by sweeter lips; and yet, as the sun came from behind a cloud, and fell like a sudden glory all about her, I had a full view of her face, and there was something in it that made my heart ache for her.

Two years had passed. The Spring was late that season, and in the early June the tree branches were swinging in the wind, heavy with the beautiful blossoms of May.

Mrs. Wilmot has come home to pass a week with her mother. Her life in New York had been a scene of dazzling triumph. Her beauty and her elegance had won for her all the admiration her husband had predicted. I do not know whether she was happy. I only know that her manners had a calm, stately repose, very unlike the ardent, impulsive, light-hearted girl we remember at Valley Falls. But that summer she seemed more like her old self than ever. She went down in the meadows, and off in the springing wheat fields, and again the old echoes woke up to the light, rich laugh of her girlhood.

Late one afternoon, Mrs. Wilmot and her mother sat together in the old sitting-room. The former had been relating, to her proud, attentive listener, a history of some of the most brilliant parties she had attended the preceding season, the dinners she had given, the toasts that had been drunken in her honor, and matters of like character, when she broke off suddenly:

"How exquisitely beautiful those apple-blossoms are! Do you remember, mamma, how I used to twine them in my curls every May-time? I used to say they were prettier than diamonds; and now I have tried these, I'll see if my old taste doesn't hold good yet," and springing from her chair, she went out into the garden.

The little hands at last succeeded in reaching the lowest branch, and Mrs. Wilmot was breaking off a sprig of the white blossoms, when the stage rolled suddenly up to the front gate, and a young gentleman alighted a few yards from her.

He looked eagerly over the grounds and building, until he espied Maurise; then he advanced quickly towards her. He stretched out his arms, and cried, in a voice trembling with glad tenderness:

"Maurise, Maurise! I have come back to you."

The lady grew white as the blossoms that dropped around her. For a moment, her light figure wavered to and fro like the apple-branches; but as the young man attempted to seize her hand, she drew it hastily away, and stood very still, as she sternly, scornfully confronted him.

"How dare you address me thus, Austin Enfield, when you yourself first forfeited the right to do it; when I am now the wife of another?"

He sprang from her as though suddenly electrified. His face was whiter even than hers, and for a moment it worked fearfully, as he stared at her, apparently not comprehending what she had spoken.

"Maurise, I do not understand you."

"Yes, you do. You remember the letter you wrote, requesting our engagement might be broken; and why have you come now, when I was growing happy again, to disturb my wedded peace?"

She hardly knew, in her excitement, what she was saying, but she was turning from him. "Maurise! Maurise!" He sprang into her path, and held her back. "Hear me! You shall hear me! I never wrote such a letter; I never dreamed of such an act. God is my witness, I never did it."

They went back together, and talked for an hour, under the still shadows of the great apple tree. What they said there, God only knows; but when Doctor Enfield went out from it, he looked ten years older.

Maurise rose up. The sun had gone over the hill. She went slowly towards the house, still holding the crushed apple-blossoms in her hands.

Her mother came to the door to meet her; but she started and drew back when she looked in her face.

Her child drew up to her, and whispered in her ear:

"Mother, Doctor Enfield has just gone out from the garden gate. We have learned all. You have betrayed your child, and broken her heart!" And she went up stairs to her own room, and her mother could not answer her.

The next day there was a report through Valley Falls, that Mrs. Wilmot had been sud-

denly seized with brain-fever, and that Mrs. Hillyard herself was hardly able to leave her apartment.

The best physicians and the most skilful nurses were procured. But each night the reports were less favorable—the younger lady was no better, but rather grew worse.

I was acquainted with the nurse who attended Maurise during her illness. She was truly a judicious, faithful woman; but she has since confidentially told me it was the saddest sickness she ever watched over. Her moans for Austin Enfield; her shrieking entreaties to her mother; her wild prayers for help, were sounds which would haunt her memory till all sound would to her be *silence*.

One night (I must hasten over this, Luella, for I cannot dwell on it,) Mrs. Wilmot seemed quieter than she had for several previous days, and the nurse, whom constant watching had completely exhausted, left the sick lady in charge of a woman who had been hired the previous day, to occasionally relieve her in her arduous duties.

It was two o'clock when the nurse rose, and went into Mrs. Wilmot's room. The night-lamp was burning dimly on the table, and the watcher sat by it in a heavy slumber; but the bed was empty! the sick woman was gone!

The house was alarmed; the neighborhood was aroused, and that night Valley Falls was vainly searched for the sick woman. I cannot describe the agonies of the frantic mother, to which remorse must have added a ten-fold bitterness; although no one, at the time, dreamed of this. She had seen her daughter but twice during her illness, having been carried thither both times, as she was too feeble to walk.

Dr. Enfield was riding down to Valley Falls, from a neighboring village, the next morning. He had heard of Maurise's illness, and he knew, as none but her mother did, the circumstances which had occasioned it. He could not leave the vicinity while she remained in this state, and accordingly came down each day to learn the reports of her health.

His road lay near the bank of the river. The current is, as you know, a very strong one, and as the doctor looked off on the blue waters rolling out in the morning sunshine, something white arrested his attention. He was half convinced it must be the body of a woman, as he strained his eyes to distinguish the object, for he could see the long, yellow hair floating on the waves.

Something in that bright hair sent a chill to the doctor's heart. He tried to alight, but he sank back in his carriage, and a strange faintness came over the strong man.

Some men were working in a meadow a few rods distant. The doctor made a sign to them, and they came to his carriage. He pointed to the object in the river.

Two of the men sprang in immediately, succeeded in reaching the body, and bore it ashore. Then the doctor looked down on the cold, dead face, round which lay the wet, bright hair, and he saw—"

"Oh! grandma, don't say it was Maurise; don't, don't," I cried, shuddering through my sobs, as I laid my arms about her waist.

My grandmother answered only by her tears, and they fell thick as rain drops on my bowed head.

"They carried her home, (she continued at last). Her mother saw them coming up the walk, and, weak as she was, rushed out and met them on the steps. One long, wild, eager look she gave to that dead face. Then the truth broke upon her. She thrust her arms upward, with a laugh that curdled the blood in the very veins of those that heard it, and from that hour to this she has been—what you have seen her, Luella."

"And her husband and the doctor—what became of them, grandma?"

"A messenger was despatched for the former, and the broken hearted husband came, and saw all that was left of his beautiful, his idolized Maurise. He had not been apprised of her illness, as Mrs. Hillyard had forbidden this, fearing, I suppose, that, in her delirious ravings, her daughter might reveal more than it was well he should know.

But the doctor attended her funeral. She was buried by her father; and before the two gentlemen left, they had a long interview. It is supposed that all was revealed at that time to Mr. Wilmot. Both gentlemen probably felt that God's retribution was fearful, and, greatly as she had sinned, they must have pitied the wretched mother.

The doctor returned to Europe. I have never heard from him since. Mr. Wilmot married again, some three years after the death of his wife.

It is generally believed that Maurise left the house that night, and threw herself into the river, in a state of high delirium produced, by brain-fever; but the cause of that fever is known by few."

"There, Luella, goes the supper-bell. Come, my child," and my grandmother lifted my face, and kissed it tenderly.

The sun had gone down, and the twilight was building up its shadows in the corners of the bed-room. The wind had taken up a new hymn, the soft doxology of the day. The quiet and the beauty filled my heart with a prayer:

"May God keep me from the sin of pride!"

"Amen!" said my grandmother, as we rose up and went out.

New Haven, Conn.

THESE is no greater fallacy than is involved in the common phrase: "He is no man's enemy but his own." Every bad man is the enemy of his wife, his children, his family at large, the church, his country and his kind; nor does any rank he may hold in society invalidate the truth of this remark, nor diminish the responsibility of the transgressor.

THE FRIENDSHIP that anticipates solicitation is of a divine nature.

MRS. PETTIGREW'S TRYING SERVANTS.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Mrs. Leander Pettigrew was a woman of fashion. She kept men servants, as well as women servants. Her having been born in this democratic land was a source of constant regret to her—she longed for the titles and pomp of monarchical realms.

She was learned in the mysteries of European servant training, and did her very best to train hers according to her knowledge. She had in her service several foreigners. The servility of these gratified her pride. At length her lower-hall-gentry began to feel the workings of American free and equal doctrines, and the foreigners showed signs of some independence in thought and action. Mrs. Pettigrew was not slow to detect the danger, nor backward in striving to nip it in the bud.

"Carline," said she to a German chambermaid, who was passing through the dining-room, dressed for a walk, "where did you get that parasol?"

"I bought it, ma'am," replied the girl, with a slightly perceptible rising of the end of her saucy nose.

"And who gave you leave to purchase a parasol, or wear a white pocket-handkerchief? You know perfectly well that such things are not allowed in your country."

"I am not in Germany now, ma'am; I'm in America, and can carry my own parasol as well as you. And, ma'am, I wish you'd please to look for another chambermaid—this place don't suit."

And Carline sailed out at the door.

Her mistress was thunder-struck. She had not looked for such a finale to this scene.

As she stood in silent astonishment at the independence of her chambermaid, a French waiter entered the room.

A glance at his upper lip confirmed a suspicion which, for several days, had been creeping into her mind. With a severe look and tone, she said to the servant:

"Marco, I do not consider it becoming for waiters to wear a moustache. I cannot allow my servant to wear one."

"Tis a free country, madam; a man here may wear a moustache, if he choose."

"I do not wish impudent replies from my servants, sir. You can shave your upper lip, or quit my service this afternoon."

Several days after the trouble with her servants, madam's bosom friend and devoted imitator, Mrs. Apewell, called.

"My dear," said Mrs. Apewell, during the very intellectual and interesting conversation, which had, for several hours, an uninterrupted flow; "my dear, I am absolutely in distress for a new waiter. Our last was so often intoxicated, and so bent upon stealing his master's clothing, that husband could endure it no longer; so this week Dickon received his marching orders. I was extremely sorry that it was necessary to

dismiss him, for the fellow was very handsome and graceful, as well as respectful and attentive. I never had a waiter who understood his place or duties so well. He seemed actually devoted to me and the children; and as for poor Fidele, he has sustained an irreparable loss. 'Tis not often waiter is willing to interest himself in the welfare of a pet. Really, I do regret the loss of Dickon. You should have seen the grace with which he would kneel to lace a gaiter, or to draw on or off a rubber. He is a great loss."

"I've no doubt of it, my dear Mrs. Apewell; and I can fully sympathize with you. Our waiter was a perfect adept in his duties, but his presumption, in persisting in wearing a moustache, was *too much* to endure."

"I met him in the street, this very morning," said Mrs. Apewell, "and the moustache was gone. I had half a mind to engage him for myself, but considering his obstinate disregard of your wishes, I refrained. I could not allow a servant to wear a moustache."

"I think we had better go together, and call at the intelligence office this morning. I must have another chambermaid, also. The girl I took in the place of Carline is a perfect donkey. She don't know a flower-case from a water-pitcher, or a napkin from a pillow-slip; and yesterday, when I sent her down with my orders for dinner, mentioning, among other things, a fricassee and some cucumbers, she told the cook I wished her to prepare fried eels and chuckunders."

Mrs. Apewell laughed as heartily as gentility would permit, at these words of her friend, and Mrs. Pettigrew then arose and prepared for a walk to the office.

We will leave the ladies to suit themselves to new servants as speedily as they can, trusting that, as their happiness lies so much in servants and show, neither show or servants will be denied them, unless for their spiritual elevation.

A FRIEND.

How many lovely things we find
In earth, and air, and sea—
The distant bells upon the wind,
The blossoms on the tree;
But lovelier far than chime or flower,
A valued friend in sorrow's hour.

Sweet is the carol of a bird,
When warbling on the spray,
And beautiful the moon's pale beam
That lights us on our way;
Yet lovelier friendship's look and word
Than moonlight, or than warbling bird.

How prized the coral and the shell,
And valued, too, the pearl;
Who can the hidden treasures tell
O'er which the soft waves curl?
Yet dearest still a friend to me
Than all in earth, or air, or sea.

JOTTINGS BY MY WINDOW SILL.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

N O. II.—NO POETRY IN DEATH.

"There is no poetry in death!"—exclaimed an aged divine this morning. Ah, yes! there is poetry there; deep, touching, soul-elevating poetry!

An old man is dying. He is sinking to rest in the twilight of his years. The light—divested of its aching brilliancy, lies sweetly upon the floor, checkered as that old man's life, in its quaint, yet charming relievings of shadow. A daughter, fair and beautiful—a novice in her home-cloistering from the garish world, is kneeling by his bedside. Her fingers, soft and exquisite, are dreamily entwined in the silken wealth of sunny hair, clustering in shadowy beauty around her white Madonna brow. How eloquent with emotion are those dark, loving eyes! How they gleam amid the bright drops that are gushing to the silken fringes from the pure fountain just opening in her woman's heart beneath! Now, thought-freighted, they are lifted to Heaven—and the gentle soul is poured forth in holy prayer. How like a far-off vesper chant—how like a fairy strain swelling over the quiet water—how like a dream of oriental deliciousness, steals upon the stillness and brightness, the voice of that low breathed prayer! The dying man is growing weaker and weaker. His palsied hands are nervously clutching the cover. His eyes are growing dimmer and dimmer—now vacant, expressionless—like a damped mirror—anon flashing out like jewels in their strange death-light! Melodious strains seem to float on the ambient air. White wings fan his feverish brow—and scores of angel faces seem to people the dim old room, waiting to guide his enfranchised soul to a blessed and glorious eternity. Is there not poetry there? the poetry of the soul? Is there not poetry about that kneeling girl—half an angel herself—listening to the quick beating of her heart—kissing the dampening brow, that with each added wrinkle grew more fond, more spiritual in its endearments? Is there not poetry about that old man-pilgrim—lingering on the shores of time—waiting to go down on the tide of death to where the weary are at rest forever?

"No poetry in death!" A little child is lying dead before us. Flowers in all their speaking beauty, light-like, line the coffin's side. The clematis, contrasting in its snowy whiteness with the dark clustering locks, shades like a halo the sweet angel-face. Wild flowers entwine the little feet that made fond hearts leap with ecstasy as they pattered through the long hall—and in each fold of the finely worked shroud, sleeps a rose bud, plucked like that child from the parent stem ere its sweet unfolding!

The fair forehead—the curls soft and elegant—the cheeks round and full, beautiful in their statuary paleness—the lips still tinged with coral, softly parted as if an angel had pressed them aside with its own, seeming about to prattle in the pride of their sweet, yet limited vocabulary

—the neck and arms of delicate whiteness and finished symmetry—the tiny, velvet hands clasped over the heart that has ceased to beat—who can behold such an assemblage of loveliness, prodigal in its beauty, entrancing in its associations, without being softened down to tenderness—without all the deep emotions of the soul being awakened—without freely bestowing the consecrating tear of affection and humanity? Oh! it is a sight innocent and beautiful! Spell-binding in its serenity—pleasant in its melancholy—charming in its pensiveness. Yes, yes; there is poetry there!

"No poetry in death!" How beautiful the church-yard is! It is sunset. The gold and crimson rays weave long checkered lines across the yard—then slowly fade away, to hover like the white wings of an angel around the old grey tower—while far down below, the green swelling mounds rest in the twilight. Darker and darker grow the hallowed precincts. Higher and higher climbs the silver moon, bathing everything in beauty, making the soul to run over with its silent worship—and thought to soar almost beyond control. The dew drops glimmer like diamonds on the long blades of grass. The flowers sink to rest beneath the earnest wooing of the zephyrs. The night bird sings among the netted leaves of green—the cypress and the yew seem to bend in quiet prayer, while, like phantoms, rise up the cold, white tomb-stones everywhere. Ah, yes! There is poetry there! Greedy Avarice, as he crouches among the raised mounds, opens his palsied hand—the gay weep—and the pious kneel to adore. Yes, poetry that speaks truest to the soul—whispering that the monarch and the vassal—the statesman and the churl—"the lawn-robed prelate and the plain presbyter"—all sink to the same, deep wide-mouthed tomb—while the spirit lives forever, refined through trial and tribulation—roaming in glory and bliss. Or, seared with guilt, essaying in vain for ever more to disengage its tangled wings!

Most of the inventions of Shakespeare, which in some measure, are but a department of the pictorial Art, attract the mind by the awful and solemn pleasure their representation creates, a species of intellectual enjoyment, which the subject matter, or the transaction of the real history itself, never could have excited.

The tragical homicide perpetrated by Othello on the person of Desdemona, witnessed in its frightful reality, by an effort of the imagination, repels every emotion of pleasure; but when the tragic muse clothes the deed with the ornaments of word-paintings, the embellishments of poetry, and all the other accessories of the drama, we feel the transition from the un-Beautiful in its utmost depths, to the Beautiful of a most elevated grade.

Gleanings and Gatherings.

AN ANGEL IN EVERY HOUSE.

It is a trite saying and a unique one that there is "a skeleton in every house." That every form however erect, that every face however smiling, covers some secret malady of mind that no physician can cure. This may be true, and undoubtedly it is; but we contend that as everything has its opposite, there is also an angel in every house. No matter how fallen the inmates, how depressing their circumstances, there is an angel there to pity or to cheer. It may be in the presence of a little child; or it may be enclosed in a stooping or wrinkled body, treading the downward path to the grave. Or, perhaps, in a cheerful spirit, looking upon the ills of life as so many steps toward heaven, if only bravely overcome, and mounted with sinless feet.

We knew such an angel once, and it was a drunkard's child. On every side wherever she moved she saw only misery and degradation, and yet she did not fall. Her father was brutal, and her mother discouraged, and her home thoroughly comfortless. But she struggled along with angel endurance, bearing with an almost saintly patience, the infirmities of him who gave her existence, and then hourly embittered it. Night after night, at the hours of ten, twelve, and even one, barefoot, ragged, shavless and bonnetless, has she been to the den of the drunkard, and gone staggering home with her arm around her father. Many a time has her flesh been blue with the mark of his hand when she has stepped in between her helpless mother and violence. Many a time has she sat upon the cold curb-stone with his head in her lap; many a time known how bitter it was to cry for hunger, when the money that should have bought bread was spent for rum.

And the patience that the angel wrought with, made her young face shine, so that though never acknowledged in the courts of this world, in the kingdom of heaven she was waited for by assembled hosts of spirits, and the crown of martyrdom ready, lay waiting for her young brow.

And she was a martyr. Her gentle spirit went up from a couch of anguish—anguish brought on by ill-usage and neglect. And never till then did the father recognize the angel in the child; never till then did his manhood arise from the dust of its dishonor. From her humble grave, he went away to steep his resolves for the better in bitter tears; and he will tell you to-day, how the memory of her much enduring life keeps him from the bowl: how he goes sometimes and stands where her patient hands have held him, while her cheek crimsoned at the sneers of those who scoffed at the drunkard's child.

Search for the angels in your households, and cherish them while they are among you. It may be that all unconsciously you frown upon them, when a smile would lead you to a knowledge of their exceeding worth. They may be among the least cared for, most despised; but when they are gone with their silent influence, then will you mourn for them as for a jewel of great worth.—*Olive Branch.*

A PORTABLE STOVE.

[Dick Tinto, a foreign correspondent of the New York Times, furnishes that paper with the following description of a novel mode of keeping warm in Italy during the winter months:]

Half the population being too poor to spend over one-third of a cent a day on their fuel, have actually contrived a portable stove, which affords a plentiful supply of heat at that most reasonable rate. It consists of a baked earthen pot, with no lid, and a handle forming two-thirds of a circle over the top. Its capacity varies from one to two quarts. In this is placed in the morning, a quantity of fine charcoal prepared for the purpose: on the top are sprinkled a few very small cinders, covered with the dust of pulverized ashes. The fire works downwards, remaining alive and evolving a strong heat during a period of ten hours. There is no waste, every particle of charcoal being hunted out and consumed. The first cost of the pot varies from three to five cents, its daily supply of combustible, certainly not over four mills; the wire grating over the top, to prevent contact with the fire, may cost perhaps a cent more. The extent to which this household article is employed, is almost universal: I cannot find at what degree in the scale of society its use ceases. The beggars, the poverty-stricken, the poor genteel, many shopkeepers, and multitudes of families of bourgeoisie, have no other fire. The artists in the public galleries, copying Raphaels, Andreas, and other *chef-d'oeuvres*, depend upon their hot-pot for comfort in the winter months. The workshops, the manufactories, macaroni, straw-plait and other branches of Italian industry, are not warmed collectively by a stove, but individually by each artisan's jug of ashes. Do you call at a house where the inmates are in moderate circumstances, you are likely to see the whole family furnished, each one with his earthen jug, and if you sit or stay, one of the daughters will tender you hers, as any where else she would ask you to take a seat by the fire. It is amazing to notice the quantity of heat evolved, and the time one supply of fuel will endure. The invention would appear to be on the Ericssonian principle of making a little coal go a great way, though it never went to Liverpool. This portable stove receives from the women the

endearing appellation of "husband." How touching and how descriptive—a solace, comfort, friend, society and warming-pan, all in one.

THE PTARMIGAN.

The common ptarmigan, a species of grouse, is a native of Scotland, as well as of some of the higher latitudes of continental Europe, where the willow-ptarmigan and the rock-ptarmigan, are also abundant. Mountain berries and heath-shoots in summer—spring-buds and leaves in winter, constitute their food, in search of which, as well as for the sake of shelter, they burrow beneath the snow. Perhaps the changes of plumage in none of the feathered races are more worthy of attention than those which the ptarmigans undergo. Their full summer plumage is of a yellow, more or less inclining to brown, beautifully barred with zig-zag lines of black—their winter plumage is pure white, except that the outer tail-feathers and shafts of the quills, are black.

In this singular change of color, we see a beautiful provision of nature for the protection of the bird from its enemies, as well as from the destructive cold of winter. The brown patches of heath on the rocky sides of mountains, as simulate well in their broken and blended tints, with the summer livery of the ptarmigan, and as concealment from the observation of enemies is provided by nature, this end is, so far, well answered. But, when the mountains are covered with snow, the brown ptarmigan can only escape the notice of its foes by adopting a corresponding dress of white, so that while crouching in the snow, it will scarcely attract the glance of the Iceland Falcon, or the Snowy Owl. Yet safety from its enemies is not the only end obtained by this remarkable change of plumage. It is well known that color greatly influences the rate at which bodies either reflect heat, or acquire and part with it, and that objects which reflect heat the most, part with it the least. The white winter garb of the ptarmigan, therefore, is a beautiful adaptation in nature for preserving the vital heat of the bird. All white bodies receive heat slowly, and part with it slowly, while black bodies receive and part with heat more rapidly. This is a reason why black people cannot bear the intense cold of northern latitudes as well as those whose skin is white.

The change of color in the ptarmigans is not effected by moult, but goes on in the old plumage.

NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE.

"O! it's not worth the trouble to dress, I see only my husband." Then madame if your husband is not better worth pleasing than a host of "company," it is a pity you are married. Not worth the trouble to look better to him than his merest acquaintances. Not worth the trouble to surround yourself with every grace and fascination that you are capable of? Then if you are a neglected wife bye-and-bye, never complain, for it is your own fault: it was "not worth the trouble" to have a happy home.

"O! it's not worth the trouble;" says the nervous mother, snatching the implements of work from the hands of her awkward child; "not worth the trouble to teach her, I can do it better myself."

Can you then how, if this is your method, will the child ever learn to become useful? If her timid services are not worth the trouble of teaching and correcting, how can you blame her if in after years she prefers to sit in the parlor, and leave the work to you? The instructor, who has not one tithe of the interest you should have in the child, thinks it well worth the trouble to impart to her a dozen different accomplishments; alas! that the mother should be more indifferent than a stranger.

It's not worth the trouble. How often the words are uttered! and with what sad consequences followed. The woman becomes the slatternly housekeeper, the daughter the insignificant pleasure seeker; friends are estranged because "it's not worth the trouble" to explain "that little difference"—and the influence of the spirit pervading such a decision, is felt to the detriment of every walk in life.

Be careful then how you carelessly utter the words, "it's not worth the trouble."—*Olive Branch.*

THE RELIGION OF CHILDHOOD.

If both world and church will only learn what the child's simple presence may teach, instead of teaching what he cannot innocently learn, the truth may dawn upon them, that he seldom requires to be led,—only not to be misled.

If the name of God is to be sweet to young hearts, it must stand for *their* highest, not for *ours*: and many a phrase, rich and deep in tone to us, must be shunned as sure to jar on spirits differently attuned. Oh! how many obstructions have not veracious men to remove ere they can find their true religion! How long do they say their prayers before they pray, and hear and speak of holy things without a touch of worship.

The religion of the child is a *cheerful reverence*; and with its sweet light no tinge should mix from the later solemnity and inner confidits of faith. Let him take his vow with a glad voice: if you drive him prematurely to the confessional, you make him false. The matin-hymn of life to God is brilliant with hope and praise; and without violence to nature, you cannot displace it for the deep, loud breathing vesper-song: the rosy air of so fresh a time was never made to vibrate to that strain. Even from the stony heart of old Memnon on the waste, beams vivid as the morning wrung a murmur of *happy* melody; and only at the dip of day did a passing *plaint* float through the desert's stately silence.

If only we will not hinder, God has a providence most rich in help. Judge not the child's mind by your own; nor fancy that you have a religion to create against some powerful resistance, which skill is needed to evade or proof to overcome. His spirit, if unspoiled, is with you, not against you, where you speak of God.

JAMES MARTINEAU.



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

INTERESTING CONVERSATIONS AND STORIES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—NO. II.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

We left Aggie standing at the window wondering at the signs of rain. All night long, and all next day, and the next, it continued to come down, patter, patter, scarcely stopping a single moment. Just before sunset, on the third day, it began to abate a little. Soon it ceased entirely. Then the clouds began to look a little lighter; and, here and there, glimpses of blue sky were seen. Far off to the west, it looked very red and fiery.

"We shall have a clear day to-morrow," observed Aggie's father, looking in that direction.

"Yes, I think so, too," answered her mother, casting her eyes the same way.

"What makes you think so, mother?" asked Aggie.

"Because the sun is setting red."

"Is that a sign?"

"Yes."

"How, mother?"

"Because it shows that the vapor in the air is not condensed enough to form clouds."

Aggie looked puzzled.

"You don't understand that, I suppose, my daughter?" remarked her father.

"No, sir."

"Well, listen, and I will try to explain it to you. You can tell me of how many colors a ray of light is composed, can't you, Aggie?"

"Yes, sir. Three—red, yellow and blue."

"And these three, by mixing with one another, form seven. Thus, first, we have red; then orange, which is a mixture of red and yellow; then yellow; next green, which is yellow and blue combined; then blue itself; indigo, a shade of blue; and violet, or blue and red. Now, when a ray of light comes to us from the sun, without being refracted—that is, without meeting with anything to turn it out of its course—it appears white; but when the rays meet with any resistance they are refracted, or turned out of their course, and we see that particular color which is thus refracted. Do you understand me, Aggie?"

"Not exactly. That is, I don't see what this has to do with the red sunset."

"Well, I was going to tell you. Of these colors, red is always the least refracted, yellow next, and blue the next. Now, when we see a red sunset, we know that the beams of light coming from the sun met with but little resistance, because red rays are always the least refracted; and hence we conclude there is not enough vapor in the air to form clouds, and, of course, there can be no more rain then."

"And if there was enough vapor in the air to form clouds, father, would the yellow rays be refracted?"

"Yes."

"Then that was the reason why mother said, the other night, she thought it was going to rain, because it looked so yellow."

"That was it, Aggie. The yellow rays being refracted, showed that the vapors of the air were already condensed into clouds, and it was reasonable to expect that we should soon have rain."

"Is it a sign of rain, father, if the lamp spits when you go to light it?"

"Yes; if the wick has not been wet. But why do you ask?"

"Why, Hannah said so the other night. Please tell me how that is, father?"

"It is because the vapor, with which the air is filled, penetrates the wick, also; and, by endeavoring to light it, this vapor is suddenly formed into steam, which explodes and causes the spitting and spurting of which you speak. You understand that, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. And then Peter said he thought it would rain, too, because the swallows were flying so near the ground. Is that another sign, father?"

"Yes; because when rain is at hand, the upper regions of the air are colder than the air near the earth, which causes the little insects, on which the swallows feed, to come down low."

"And then the swallows fly low to catch them."

"That's it, my child."

"Why how plain that is, father. I could not imagine what the lamp and the swallows had to do with the rain."

"All things are plain to him that understandeth," you know, Aggie. You recollect the story of Columbus?"

"Yes, sir. When he was invited to a feast, one day, after he had discovered America, some of the persons there pretended to think that he had done nothing but what anybody else could do. Then Columbus took an egg, and handed it to them, and told them to make it stand upon its point. They all tried, but they couldn't do it. So Columbus took it, and gently broke the end of it, so as to flatten it a little, and then it stood well enough."

"And then any of them could do it?"

"Yes, sir; they all knew then. But, father, please explain to me the proverb, 'Evening red and morning gray.' I can't see why a red morning should not be a sign of a fine day, as well as a red evening."

"A red evening indicates, as I have already told you, that even the cold of sunset has not condensed the vapors of the air into clouds. A red morning, or a red sunrise, shows that the upper regions of the air are filled with vapor, which the rising sun cannot disperse, or the red would not be refracted."

"And if there is so much vapor that the sun cannot disperse it, it will soon be condensed into clouds, and then comes the rain. Is that it, father?"

"Yes. A gray evening shows that not only the air near the earth, but the whole of the air, is loaded with vapor, which leads us to look for wet weather, shortly. 'Morning gray' shows us that while the air near the earth is damp, that above is clear and dry."

"If it was not, if it had any vapor at all in it, I suppose the red would be refracted."

"Yes; and as this is not so, we may look for a fine day with some degree of certainty."

NIGHT-FALL.

BY MAY LINWOOD.

Little Annie is weary—quite tired of play;
She has put "Jenny Lind," her pet dolly, away,
Gathered up all the playthings and books strewn
around,

Then away to the window with hop, skip and bound
Annie says she is "glad the twilight has come,
For papa and dear Harry will soon be at home."

Her mother—who sits in the low rocking chair—
Is knitting some mittens for Annie to wear;
And Charlie's asleep in the cradle close by her,
And pussy's curled up on a rug near the fire;
While as deeper without the night-shadows fall,
The fire-light at home hath a bright smile for all.

Where a warm ray slants in, through yon half-open
door,
Is the large cheerful kitchen, with bright-polished
floor;

There Naney, good Nancy, as brisk as a bee,
Flies singing about, while preparing the tea.
Our Annie goes scampering out, now and then,
But soon hastens back to the window again.

"Oh! mamma, only see, 'tis beginning to snow!
And papa promised Harry a new sled, you know;
Oh! we'll have such nice rides—but why don't they
come?"

'Tis so dark I should think they might hurry home."
Mamma glanced up from her work to reply—
"Be patient, my darling, they'll come bye-and-bye."

Through the still, frosty air, rings a glad, boyish shout,
Just as Annie's sweet lips are beginning to pout;
And in rushes Harry, well powdered with snow,
His eyes sparkling brightly, his cheeks all aglow;
Then baby wakes up 'mid the frolicsome din,
And just at this moment the father comes in.

And a heartier welcome no one could desire,
For mother has drawn his arm-chair to the fire,
And Annie, the first his arrival to greet,
Brings his slippers well warmed for the chilled, weary
feet;

And Nancy with smiles to the threshold hath come,
Saying, "Tea is all ready if master's at home."

BROTHERS.

"According to my observation, any persons can do business together better than brothers," said a voice near me, as we were detained in a crowd when passing out of a city church. I looked at the speaker in amazement, almost expecting to see the uniform dress of some charity institution or House of Refuge, where foundlings grow up without feeling the deep, yearning affection which God has given to brothers and sisters; but instead, I met the keen, intelligent gaze of a middle aged man, who looked as if he had learned what was in the human heart without becoming a misanthrope. He passed on, but his words remained in my mind, and I found myself more than once saying, "If such is the fact, why is it?"

Why should brothers, born and nurtured at one fireside, sharing each other's inmost thoughts, looking up to one mother's face for sympathy and love, during the most impressive years of life, why should they become as strangers?

Then my mind ran back to the old farmhouse, my early home, where I had grown up beneath the overshadowing love of brothers and sisters; and I saw my noble brother, standing with a large sled drawn up before the door; his pantaloons tucked in his boots, and his fine, manly face radiant with generous excitement, all ready for "Jamy" and "Lucy" to ride to school; and my mother's gentle face, as she followed us to the door with a caution not to "let Jamy get hurt." Hugh was not the oldest, but Jamy was a delicate boy, who could not face the winter wind; so his brother gladly lent his strength, and was fully rewarded when at evening the long, hard sum and difficult lesson were made plain and easy by the thoughtful elder brother. That blessed partnership continued till Jamy was beyond our care and love.

Those brothers and sisters unlike, and yet each so perfect in their way, as I counted them like jewels when asked "how many" we were; who grew up so united, so ready to help each other, must they change?

That night when all were sent for, one from college, one from his clerkship, and one from school, to *see mother die*; when they stood with bleeding hearts, as one by one she begged us to meet her in heaven, and bade us not to let her absence weaken the bond which linked us; when she besought the thrifty, managing son to counsel and help the one too lavish; when she committed to our trust the young daughter whose mind she had hoped to mature and train for heaven; and then with a look of holy trust in the mourning band around her, closed her eyes in death; that night in its bitterness, and the succeeding days of loneliness, when the centre and sun of our existence seemed shrouded in darkness, came over my mind with new power. Can hearts so firmly linked in joy and grief grow cold?

What if the brother lacks the "faculty to get along," or "has a wife you cannot like," or lacks the "polish" you have acquired! cast him not off—*help him*. Are you not of one blood? Are not his very faults common property?

The sister may be poor, or plain, when compared with the companions of your prospered years; but remember she is that unprotected one on whom that dying mother's eye lingered longest. Why not be a brother born for adversity? What if, to cement the family bond, you sacrificed a portion of money or fame! You will be repaid by a wealth of love which outlives the world's neglect and scorn, and will fill your heart with healthful joy, when, life's fever past, you long for the pure and unselfish love which blessed your childhood. Can that noble schoolboy, who lifts up and protects his fallen brother, who generously shares the rare fruit, and when the new toy cannot be divided, throws it in his sister's lap, and says with true love, "It's as much yours as mine;" can he look with indifference upon the misfortunes and the faults of one of these precious friends of childhood? Alas, he may!

"*Why is it?*" I look in vain for a reply, and am again reminded of a scene of my childhood. One day, with tearful eyes, I carried an empty robin's nest to my mother, and eagerly asked where the birds were gone, and if the little ones that had nestled so lovingly together, had forgotten their old home and tender parents.

"Yes, they are no more to each other than any strange birds, now that they are old enough to provide for themselves." This touched my innermost heart, as I sorrowfully inquired, "Mother, why is it?" "*Because they have no souls, my child,*" was the answer.

Brothers and sisters, is there not a moral for you in this brief reply?—*New-York Evangelist.*

PEOPLE become ill by drinking healths. He who drinks the health of everybody, drinks away his own!

BIRDS.

BY M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

Singing in the valleys,
Where the waters flow;
Singing in the quiet dells,
Where the lilies grow;
Singing on the uplands,
Thro' the summer's day,
On the emerald hill side,
Where the lambkins play.
Dear birdies, dear birdies,
I will learn from you,
How to frame my pleasant thoughts
Into singing too.

Spring the lark at morning
To the azure sky,
Gentle wings the robin,
Softly lifts on high.
Starts the ground-bird trilling
From her grassy nest.
And the happy thrushes
Warble with the rest.
Dear birdies, dear birdies,
I will learn from you,
How to mount on thankful wings,
Up to heaven too.

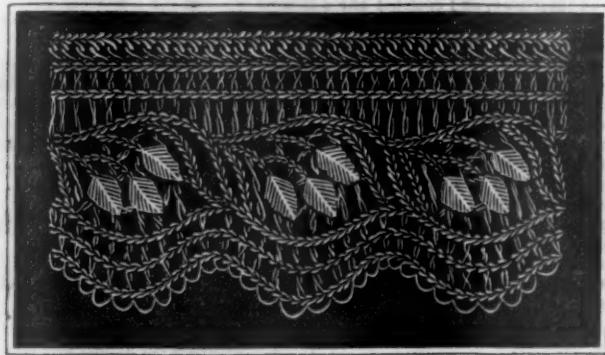
Building in the wild-brier,
Tiny nests so shy,
In the quiet woodland,
Where the shadows lie;
'Neath the grassy covert,
'Neath the fragrant leavess,
By the waving river,
Underneath the eaves,
Dear birdies, dear birdies,
I must learn from you,
That to make a happy home,
I must labor too.

Drinking from the lily-urn
Drops of sparkling dew,
Laving in the quiet lake,
Flashing up so blue.
Flying thro' the summer's rain,
With a merry wing:
Surely such a pleasant bath,
Is a blessed thing.
Dear birdies, dear birdies,
I will learn from you,
That the sparkling water-fount,
Is a blessing too.

Pretty little warblers!
Joyous-hearted throng!
Through the storm's dark pauses,
I have heard your song.
Be the days of tempest,
Still your songs ye pour,
And when storms are over,
Then you sing the more.
Dear birdies, dear birdies,
I will learn from you,
How to pass the gloomy hours
With a carol too.
Mt. Carmel, Ind.

SETTLING ACCOUNTS.—"I never go to church," said a country tradesman to his parish clergyman, "I always spend Sunday in settling accounts. The minister immediately replied, "You will find that the day of judgment will be spent in the same manner."

NEEDLEWORK.



PATTERN FOR EDGING.—Cast on 17 stitches.

1st Row.—Slip 1, knit 1, then make 1 and knit 2 together 4 times, make 1, knit 1, then make 1 and knit 2 together twice, make 1, knit 2.

2d Row.—Make 1, knit 2 together, purl all but the last 3 stitches, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together. All the back rows will be the same.

3d Row.—Slip 1, knit 1, then make 1 and knit 2 together 4 times, make 1, knit 3, then make 1 and knit 2 together twice, make 1, knit 2.

5th Row.—Slip 1, knit 1, then make 1 and knit 2 together 3 times, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slip stitch over, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slip stitch over, make 1, knit 1, then make 1 and knit 2 together twice, make 1, knit 2.

7th Row.—Slip 1, knit 1, then make 1 and knit 2 together twice, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slip-stitch over, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, then make 1 and knit 2 together twice, make 1, knit 2.

9th Row.—Slip 1, knit 1, then make 1 and knit 2 together 3 times, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slip-stitch over, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slip-stitch over, make 1, knit 1, then make 1 and knit 2 together twice, make 1, knit 2.

11th Row.—Slip 1, knit 1, then make 1 and knit 2 together twice, make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, pass the slip-stitch over, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, then make 1 and knit 2 together twice, make 1, knit 2.

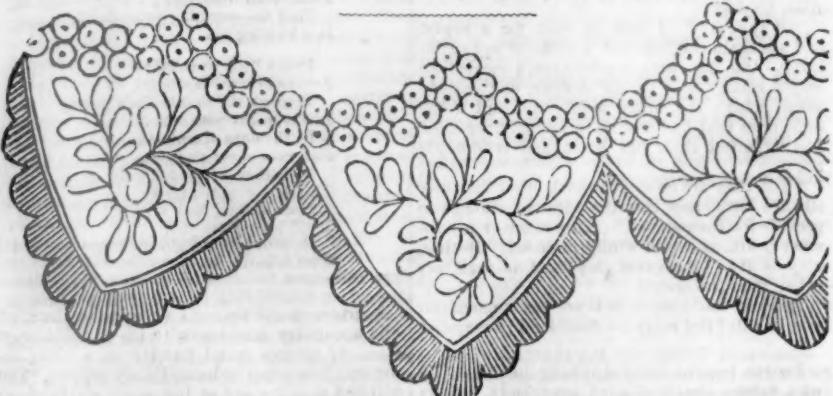
13th Row.—Slip 1, knit 1, then make 1 and knit 2 together 3 times, then make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, and pass the slip-stitch over 3 times in succession, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2.

15th Row.—Slip 1, knit 1, then make 1, and knit 2 together 3 times, slip 1, knit 3 together, pass the slip-stitch over, knit 1, then make 1, and knit 2 together twice, make 1, knit 2.

17th Row.—Slip 1, knit 1, then make 1 and knit 2 together twice, make 1, slip 1, knit 3 together, pass the slip-stitch over, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2.

19th Row.—Slip 1, knit 1, then make 1 and knit 2 together twice, make 1, slip 1, knit 3 together, pass the slip-stitch over, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2.

20th Row.—The same as the 2d. Repeat from 1st row for length required.



EMBROIDERY FOR COLLAR OR CUFF.

The Housekeeper's Friend.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

FOR BOILING ARROWROOT FOR CHILDREN.—Take a tea-spoonful of arrowroot, put it into a breakfast cup and mix it smooth with two tea-spoonfuls of cold water; then slowly pour on boiling water until it loses the white appearance and becomes transparent, stirring quickly all the time; then add milk or water until you get it to the consistency you wish, and sweeten it. It may be boiled with milk instead of water, which will render it more nourishing.

FOR SICK PERSONS.—Boil as above, and sweeten to taste; a little cinnamon or nutmeg grated into it will make it more palatable; wine or brandy may also be added at pleasure.

ARROWROOT PUDDING.—Take four table-spoonfuls of sifted arrowroot; put it into a basin and break three or four eggs into it; rub them together until smooth, then pour over it about two breakfast cups of boiling milk; mix it well whilst you are pouring on the milk. If it comes to the consistency of a thick custard it is properly done, and you must then butter a mould, pour your pudding into it, tie it in a towel, and put it into a pot of boiling water, and let it boil for an hour; should the milk not make it thick enough, you must pour the mixture into a pan and hold it over the fire until it thickens; then put it into the buttered mould. You may add, if you like, two table-spoonfuls of fine sugar; serve with wine sauce. The same mixture may be made with the addition of a little spice, butter, and sugar, and baked in the oven.

ARROWROOT BLANC MANGE.—Take four good table-spoonfuls of arrowroot, have four breakfast cups of milk well spiced, add a little ratifice and some isinglass to it, and when quite boiling pour it gently over the arrowroot, stirring quickly all the time; put it into a mould, and when cold turn it out and serve with preserves and cream.

ARROWROOT BISCUITS.—Rub together three-quarters of a pound of sugar and the same weight of butter, until they rise; beat three eggs well and mix with it, then stir in two cups of sifted arrowroot, and two cups of sifted flour; roll them out thin, cut them with a biscuit cutter, place them in buttered tins and bake them in a slow oven.

PLAIN ARROWROOT BISCUITS.—Mix together two cups of sifted arrowroot and the same quantity of flour, with one cup of milk, two table-spoonfuls of butter, and a little yeast; knead all together, roll it out, cut it into biscuits, place them on tins and let them stand to rise for half an hour or more before you bake them.

ARROWROOT CAKES FOR BREAKFAST.—Mix together two cups of arrowroot, half a cup of flour, and a table-spoonful of salt butter, one egg, and as much milk or water as will bring it to the

consistency of paste; roll it out, and cut it with a breakfast cup, and put the cakes on a baking iron; a few minutes will bake them; split and butter them, and send them to table hot.

CAKES, BANBURY.—Work one pound of butter into the same weight of dough, made for white bread, as in making puff paste, then roll it out very thin, and cut it into oval pieces, or as the cakes are wanted. Mix some good moist sugar with an equal weight of currants, and wet them with brandy, then put a little upon each piece of paste; close them up, and place them on a tin, with the closed side downwards, and bake them. Flavor some powdered sugar with candied peel, grated, or essence of lemon, and sift a little over the cakes as soon as they come out of the oven.

LEMON BISCUITS.—One pound and a quarter of flour, one pound and a quarter of loaf sugar, six ounces of fresh butter, four eggs well beaten, one ounce lemon peel cut very fine, one dessert-spoonful of lemon juice. **N. B.**—These biscuits keep perfectly good for several months in a dry place.

MACARONI PIE.—Stew the Macaroni very tender; when cold place a layer of it in the pie, and another layer over, made of grated ham. Then some butter, and continue these layers till the crust is filled. One hour will bake it. Have ready some Bechemelle sauce to pour into your pie.

PRESERVING FRESH FRUIT BY HERMETICAL SEALING.—A knowledge of the means of accomplishing this very desirable object is becoming more and more widely extended among housekeepers. The simple agent in the work of preservation is heat. After the application of heat for a certain length of time, if the fruit be sealed up so perfectly as to entirely exclude the air, it will continue unchanged for an indefinite period. For some few years past, during the winter season, fresh fruits and vegetables, kept in this way, have been sold in all our cities; but the prices they bring have put them beyond the reach of economical housekeepers, except as occasional luxuries.

Now, the whole process of putting up fruits in this way is far more simple than making the ordinary preserves or "sweetmeats," which have come to be regarded by ladies as an almost indispensable article; and any housekeeper may do it for herself. The trouble, uncertainty, and, in very many cases, the impossibility of getting a tinner to solder up the cans formerly used for ripe fruits and tomatoes, have deterred thousands from attempting to keep articles in this way, although the choicest fruits were around them in cheap abundance. This difficulty is now entirely removed, and the work of hermetical sealing has been reduced to so simple a form, that any domestic, or even a child, can accomplish the task.

In several previous numbers of the *Home Magazine*, we have referred to Dr. Arthur's "Self-sealing Cans and Glass Jars," as affording the readiest facility for doing what is proposed. They are made with a channel around the mouth, into which a cover fits loosely. Into this channel a very adhesive cement is poured and allowed to harden. Thus prepared for sealing, the cans and jars are sold, and the housekeeper, after filling her vessels and applying the heat, has only to warm the cover and press it down into the cement, when the work of sealing is done. These vessels can be used year after year, and as the cover goes over the whole top, may be as perfectly cleansed as any other open vessel.

As the fruit season has now commenced, housekeepers should by all means try some of these cans, and prove them to their own satisfaction. At small cost and trouble, they may now have fresh or stewed fruits, or tomatoes, on their tables all next winter, and at summer prices.

The method of putting up fruits in this way, we will briefly give:

Fill the can or jar with ripe fruit, adding a little sugar—simply enough to render the fruit palatable—and set it in a vessel of water, (warm or cold.) Let the water boil, and continue boiling until the fruit is well heated through—say for half an hour. Direction has been given to simply let the water boil, but such direction is defective, as at this time the fruit in the centre of the vessel will be scarcely warmed. Should the vessel be then sealed, fermentation will take place. The heat must thoroughly penetrate the contents of the vessel. As soon as the fruit is sufficiently heated, warm the cover, press it into its place, and the work is done.

Another way is to make a syrup of two pounds of sugar for every six pounds of fruit, using half a pint of water for every pound of sugar. Skim the syrup as soon as it boils, and then put in your fruit and let it boil ten minutes. Fill the cans, or jars, and seal up hot. Some make a syrup of half a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit—and some use only a quarter of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit—while some use no sugar at all.

To keep peaches, pare and cut them up. If thrown into cold water, they will retain their firmness and color. Heat them in the cans or jars, as above—or, boil them ten minutes in a syrup. In this way, strawberries, raspberries, cherries, plums, peaches, &c., &c., may be kept for any length of time, in the same condition that they were sealed up, and with their flavor unchanged. For small fruit, it is best to make a syrup without water, and boil the fruit in it for only a few minutes.

Fresh stewed fruits of all kinds, may be kept in these vessels. It will only be necessary to stew the fruit as for the table, adding the amount of sugar required to make it palatable; fill up the vessel with the hot fruit, and seal at once. All ripe fruits preserved in this way, will be found as fresh in the winter season, as if just taken from the tree and stewed.

Tomatoes.—Take off the skin; put them in a preserving kettle, or other convenient vessel, and

boil them for a quarter of an hour. Fill the cans, or jars, and seal up hot.

The prices of these cans and jars, and the mode of obtaining them, may be learned by referring to the advertising pages of this number.

To MAKE STARCH.—Take of Poland starch a table-spoonful, add cold water enough to wet it; when it is thoroughly dissolved, pour on (stirring it gradually) a pint of boiling water; let it boil five minutes; take two ounces of fine white gum Arabic; powder fine; pour on a pint of boiling water; let it stand all night; in the morning pour off the liquor; a table-spoonful of this gum water into a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, gives a fine, glossy appearance; wipe the linen with a dry cloth; roll up; in four or five hours iron.

To IMPROVE TEA.—M. Soyer recommends housekeepers to place the teapot, with the dry tea in it, upon the hob, for a little while before making. This plan certainly improves both strength and flavor. Rain-water, when pure, is the best for making all infusions, including tea of course; since the solvent powers of water are greater in proportion to its freedom from earthy salts.

LACQUERING.—Lacquer is nothing more than a varnish laid on metal. One way of making the varnish is:—Take an ounce of turmeric, two drachms each of saffron or annatto, put the whole into a pint of spirits of wine, shake it once a day for a week, and strain into a clean bottle. Then add three ounces of red lac, washed clean and dry, and, with an occasional shaking, it will be fit for use in a fortnight.

The articles to be lacquered having been well cleaned, are to be placed on the top of a stove to become slightly warm. The varnish is then laid on with a soft brush; the warmth causes the spirit to evaporate, leaving the gum as a smooth, bright coat, on the surface of the metal.

SASH WINDOWS.—These may be kept up without sash-lines and pulleys, by means of cork, in the simplest manner, and with scarcely any expense. Bore three or four holes in the sides of the sash, into which insert common bottle corks, projecting about the sixteenth part of an inch. These will press against the window-frames along the usual groove, and by their elasticity support the sash at any height which may be required.

FRENCH POLISH FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.—Logwood chips, half a pound; glue, quarter of a pound; indigo, pounded very fine, quarter of an ounce; soft soap, quarter of an ounce; isinglass, quarter of an ounce. Boil these ingredients in two pints of vinegar and one of water, during ten minutes after ebullition; then strain the liquid. When cold it is fit for use, and is put on with a bit of sponge.

The Scientific American cautions its readers against the use of painted pails, and says the oxide of lead, with which pails are painted, is a dangerous poison, and has been known to be productive of evil in many cases.

Editor's Department.

WILLIAM MASON'S SOIREE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Our musical critic having written of this affair last month, from hearsay, not having received tickets of admission—a neglect on our part, as they were handed in to the office—his remarks were hardly just to the accomplished pianist, or correct so far as the size and musical intelligence of the audience were concerned. The affair was a private one, and intended as a compliment to Mr. Mason. "It was," writes a correspondent, "decidedly the most brilliant musical event of the season." The best professional and amateur critics of the city were present, and greeted the various performances of Mr. Mason with delight and enthusiasm.

THE ENGLISH AND BRICK.

Ruskin, in his "Lectures on the Poetry of Architecture," draws a somewhat amusing parallel between a brick house and an Englishman. He says:

"Another excellence in brick, is its perfect air of English respectability. It is utterly impossible for an edifice of brick to look affected or absurd; it may look rude, it may look vulgar, it may look disgusting in a wrong place; but it cannot look foolish, for it is incapable of pretension. We may suppose its master a brute, or an ignoramus, but we can never suppose him a coxcomb: a bear he may be, a fop he cannot be; and, if we find him out of his place, we feel that it is owing to error, not to impudence; to self-ignorance, not to self-conceit; to the want, not to the assumption of feeling. It is thus that brick is peculiarly English in its effect: for we are brutes in many things, and we are ignorami in many things, and we are destitute of feeling in many things, but we are *not* coxcombs. It is only by the utmost effort, that some of our most highly gifted junior gentlemen can attain such distinction of title; and even then the honor sits ill upon them: they are but awkward coxcombs."

The brick house admirably corresponds with this part of English character; for, unable as it is to be beautiful, or graceful, or dignified, it is equally unable to be absurd. There is a proud independence about it, which seems conscious of its own entire and perfect applicability to those uses for which it was built, and full of a good-natured intention to render every one who seeks shelter within its walls excessively comfortable: it therefore feels awkward in no company; and wherever it intrudes its good-humored red face, stares plaster and marble out of countenance, with an insensible audacity, which we drive out of such refined company, as we would a clown from a drawing room, but which we nevertheless seek in its own place, as

we would seek the conversation of the clown in his own turnip field, if he were sensible in the main."

A SICK MAN.

There is often, veiled in satire and caricature, the severest truth. The draw back is, that such truth too often frets and offends, or is lightly esteemed. Punch and Diogenes do not in the least spare the English nation in its present perplexed and humiliating position; and if the people do not understand pretty clearly the nature of the difficulty into which their rulers have brought them, it will be no fault of these carping philosophers. A Prussian Charivari, imitating its English contemporaries, gives a well executed engraving, of "The present sick man," whose not very hopeful condition may be thus stated:—

John Bull is represented lying in a state of great weakness and prostration on a camp-bed, while the physician, Dr. Louis Napoleon, sits by his side, prescribing for his disastrous case. The patient begs the doctor to give him some help, and promises to pay him very liberally for his services. "I will take care of that, myself," says the doctor; "when I get through, I shall present my account."

CAPE MAY.

We hear that the season at Cape May, the present year, promises to be most brilliant. The new Mount Vernon House, with accommodations for 1800 guests, will be open, and under the care of Mr. Woolman, the gentleman who managed it with so much *éclat* last season. The Columbia, Congress Hall, and other prominent houses, will also hold out increased attractions. We do think a dip in the breakers at Cape May during the hissing hot months of July and August, inexpressibly refreshing. The waves sparkle and effervesce, as old Ocean throws them in, with delightful activity. Those who purpose making summer jaunts, should certainly take Cape May in the round. It is a health-giving, happy, fresh, invigorating suburb of Philadelphia. One may see Philadelphia's choicest people there when the dog-star rageeth, and yet be away from the stifling vapors of the pent-up city streets.

Seventy two miles an hour, was the rate at which Louis Napoleon was conveyed on one of the railroads, during his recent visit to England—rather an ominous speed. He is moving at about the same velocity in his public career, and the world is looking on in daily expectation of seeing him at the end of his journey. Most likely he will find the end far this side of the goal he hopes to reach, and by sudden disaster.

NEWSPAPER WRITING.

Among our hosts of writers for newspapers and periodicals, how few authors have we, in the larger sense of the term. Scribblers, paragraphists, loose sketch writers, and pretended critics, there are in abundance; but strong, manly thinkers, how few. "From the hour," says some one, "that a young man begins to write regularly for a newspaper, farewell thought, study, leisure, and the hope of excellence! The stream that might have coursed brightly through the valley, fertilizing many fields, charming many eyes, is turned now to feed a mill-race, and grinds the corn it might have grown." And there is truth in the assertion. The newspaper writer, while he remains such, can never attain a high literary excellence. The hurried, superficial way, in which he must necessarily treat all subjects that come within his range of thought, necessarily precludes this.

BEREAVED.

The universal popularity of *Ik. Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor,"* is no matter of wonder to any who have lingered and dreamed over its fascinating pages; not fascinating through poetic brilliancy, but in its quiet, pathetic, touching heart-pictures. In the present number of the *Home Magazine* is an engraving from the exquisitely illustrated edition of Mr. Scribner. The passage from which the artist took his representation, is in the third portion of the "First Reverie," and the theme is "Ashes—Signifying Desolation." The Bachelor, giving free play to his imagination, sees himself wedded to his heart's idol. Sweet children are born; but when love grows around them, and makes them a part of its very life, the spoiler enters, and they are torn away. Next, the gentle mother begins to fade, and drooping day by day, at last sinks into the narrow resting place of poor mortality. Let us take the closing scene in the Bachelor's own language:

" You are early home—mid-afternoon. Your step is not light; heavy, terrible.

" They have sent for you.

" She is lying down; her eyes half closed; her breathing long and interrupted.

" She hears you; her eye opens; you put your hand in hers; yours trembles;—hers does not. Her lips move; it is your name.

" 'Be strong,' she says, 'God will help you!'

" She presses harder your hand:—' Adieu!'

" A long breath—another;—you are alone again. No tears now; poor man! You cannot find them!

" —Again home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; they have clothed the body in decent graveclothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, slipping round on tip-toe. Does he fear to waken her?

" He asks you a simple question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat cuff. You look him straight in the eye; you motion to the door; you dare not speak.

" He takes up his hat and glides out stealthful as a cat.

" The man has done his work well for all. It

is a nice coffin—a very nice coffin! Pass your hand over it—how smooth!

" Some sprigs of mignonette are lying carelessly in a little gilt-edged saucer. She loved mignonette.

" It is a good staunch table the coffin rests on;—it is your table; you are a housekeeper—a man of family!

" Aye, of family!—keep down outcry, or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched features; is this all that is left of her? And where is your heart now? No, don't thrust your nails into your hands, nor mangle your lip, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep!

" —Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept—what idle tears! She, with your crushed heart, has gone out!

" Will you have pleasant evenings at your home now?

" Go into your parlor that your prim housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blaze of sticks.

" Sit down in your chair; there is another velvet-cushioned one, over against yours—empty. You press your fingers on your temples, as if you would press out something that hurt the brain; but you cannot. Your head leans upon your hand; your eye rests upon the flashing blaze.

" Ashes always come after blaze.

" Go now into the room where she was sick—softly, lest the prim housekeeper come after.

" They have put new dimity upon her chair; they have hung new curtains over the bed. They have removed from the stand its phials, and silver bell; they have put a little vase of flowers in their place; the perfume will not offend the sick sense now. They have half opened the window, that the room so long closed may have air. It will not be too cold.

" She is not there.

" —Oh, God!—thou who dost temper the wind to the shorn lamb—be kind!

" The embers were dark; I stirred them; there was no sign of life. My dog was asleep. The clock in my tenant's chamber had struck one.

" I dashed a tear or two from my eyes;—how they came there I know not. I half ejaculated a prayer of thanks, that such desolation had not yet come nigh me; and a prayer of hope—that it might never come.

" In a half hour more, I was sleeping soundly. My reverie was ended."

THE SERENADE.

We give another of our series of colored engravings this month.

A very good lesson for vain clerical disputants, who forget the homely adage that it is easier to ask questions than to answer them, is found in the anecdote of a certain itinerant preacher in the west, of considerable native eloquence. Very often, at the close of his sermon, he would invite his audience to ask him questions, no matter how "knotty," and he would answer all

their difficulties. On a certain occasion, no one responding to his invitation, a man arose, after there had been a long period of waiting, and very gravely inquired if the learned preacher could inform him "whether Job's turkey was a hen or a gobbler?" The expounder looked confused, and the congregation tittered, as the questioner capped the climax by exclaiming, "I fitch him down on the first question!" From that time forward the practice of asking for "difficult passages" was avoided.

This sounds very much like a Knickerbocker story; and, we may venture at a guess, to credit our witty cotemporary.

"Diogenes" is very hard upon the Queen of England and her royal consort Prince Albert. He is also constantly quizzing the war. Take the following as a specimen:

"Amongst other articles served out to the army in the Crimea, there appear to be a number of objections raised against the 'ammunition boot'; for this article of military attire seems to answer in the affirmative the poet's query—'Is there a sole so dead'—by severing itself from the body directly it touches the earth.

"It would be most unreasonable to expect our men to put their best foot foremost when they have nothing to place that foot into; nor can it be supposed that they can do their duty efficiently in the trenches when their toes are compelled not only to go through fire, but water, and they are served out with boots that are so pervious to the wet, as to render them inefficient even as *gutter perchers*."

We find in a London letter to the Crayon from W.M. Rossetti, this brief mention of our esteemed townsman, the poet-painter, T. Buchanan Read. "Another name I mention, more for my own satisfaction than yours. It is that of your countryman, Thomas Buchanan Read, artist and poet, who, I see, has published a new volume—doubtless of as genuine poetry as he was previously known by. Of the calibre of his painting I cannot speak with any assurance; but, on two flying visits to England, he made his friendship so acceptable to many of my circle, that it is pleasant to get his name under my pen.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS.

We were in error last month, in one or two particulars, touching Mr. Mason's *soiree*. It seems it was a *private affair*, and well attended. We were told otherwise. The tickets intended for us never reached us. We were obliged to trust to hear-say for a notice of the entertainment. Mr. Mason's performance, excellent judges, who have heard him, commend very highly. We hope he may give a concert in our city next autumn—we mean a public one—and that he may enjoy the most unbounded favor. Apropos, concertizers who may desire the company of either the literary or musical editor of the *Home Magazine*, should forward tickets to the office in Walnut street.

The Philharmonic concert, during the first week in May, was well attended, and gave great satisfaction. Mr. St. Albyn and Mlle Nau appeared, as well as several other notables, vocal and instrumental. Mlle Nau is an artist, emphatically so; while Mr. St. Albyn sings with no little grace and taste. He is a handsome little man, at all times, except when singing. Then he twists and distorts his features most deplorably. We have heard far worse singers than these people; those, too, who have made far greater pretensions. Mr. Blessner's "Omar Pasha Grand March" was performed by the orchestra, that clever gentleman wielding the baton for the occasion. It is an effective piece of instrumentation, and was made more impressive, if possible, on the occasion in notice, by the fact that Mr. Blessner sacrificed a very nice fiddle-bow with which he beat time. He seemed not to care for the accident, a circumstance which made the incident even more laughable to the audience. While they smiled, however, they were charmed. We learn that this grand production has been adapted to the piano forte.

Subsequent to the concert just noticed, Mlle Nau and Mr. St. Albyn gave an entertainment at the Musical Fund Hall, when Miss St. Albyn Mitchell was introduced. The bills announcing the entertainment were immense. We wish the house had been of the same quality, but it was not. Our people seem to get surfeited with concerts about the first of May.

Mlle Nau and party, with Mr. F. E. Burgess, business agent, sailed from Boston in the Asia, on the 23d of May, and were to open in London on the 11th of June.

The La Grange Opera Troupe commenced a season at the Academy of Music, New York, about the middle of May, and with good success. The *prima donna* is highly praised by the critics. She is, however, not considered up to the standard of Mirate, the new tenor, whose Edgardo, in Lucia, is very highly commended. The regular company of the Academy went to Boston, while the La Grange troupe were at their house. Opera bids fair to be established in New York, under the present efficient management of the Academy. It seems Mr. Henry Wykoff is prominent in that management; a gentleman of little diplomatic ability in matters of the heart, as his unhappy intercourse with Miss Gamble shows, but a consummate tactician in operatic and political affairs.

Dr. Cunningham gave a concert at the Musical Fund Hall, on Monday, the 28th ult. He is a favorite with a large class of our community, having been known for years as the accomplished leader of the orchestra, at the Walnut Street Theatre.

The very interesting Madame Laborde, who sang in this city some years ago with so much applause, is now in Paris, where it seems she has had a slight misunderstanding with her fussy little husband. Madame had engaged to sing for a certain number of nights, but Monsieur would not endorse the contract. The lady got into a pet, and how the matter has

eventuated we don't know. Miss Lucy Stone should at once despatch to Madame Laborde an essay on woman's rights.

The Italian Opera in New York has been very successful. The new managers of the Academy of Music evidently know what they are about.

Touching foreign music gossip, certain French and English musical papers received at this office announce the passage of a law in the United States, imposing a tax of *four hundred dollars* on each foreign musician visiting this country. From whence this information was derived, we cannot say, but it is probably intended as a suggestion.—The receipts at the various theatres, concerts, and other places of amusement in Paris, in March, amounted to 1,281,896 francs, or about \$250,000.—The troupe engaged by Mr. Beale to accompany Madame Albion in a provincial tour of England is composed as follows: Ernst, the violinist; Jenny Bauer, Susini, Betini, and Lorenzo, as vocalists; Mr. Hatton, pianist and singer; and Mr. Land, as conductor.—It is rumored that Madame Frezzolini, another of Europe's great sopranos, contemplates a professional visit to the United States, during the coming autumn.—At the musical festival of Dusseldorf, held during last month, were to be performed Haydn's *Creation*, Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, Beethoven's *symphony in C*, etc. Ferdinand Hiller was to direct, and Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt was announced as the principal vocalist.—At the benefit of a Miss Cammerer, who appeared in *Norma*, at Nice, (Italy,) a bouquet of violets and camellias was thrown upon the stage so large that four men were required to carry it off. This mass of flowers is said to have cost nearly sixty dollars, but it had not transpired who paid for it.—At Vienna, Rossini's *Stabat Mater* has been performed by some amateurs of the nobility, amongst whom was the Countess Rossi, daughter of the lamented Sontag.—The Birmingham (England) Musical Festival for the present year is to commence on the 28th of August.—Berlioz, in his *Musical Voyage to Italy*, says that, as evidence of the musical knowledge of Rome, it may be mentioned that Mozart is talked of there as a young man who, says the *Musical Gazette*, if not to be compared to Donizetti, is, nevertheless, of *great promise!*—The opera at Covent Garden has not been well attended, except on the night when it was visited by the Emperor of the French, when boxes were sold at \$500 each.—Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, and an English opera company, appeared at the Haymarket, on Tuesday night, the 24th of April, in *Fra Diavolo*, which was, on the whole, performed very agreeably.—The *Musical Gazette* says: "M're Nau, Mr. St. Albyn, and Miss Albyn Stewart, sang at the Philharmonic concert, in Philadelphia, on Wednesday of last week, to an audience of nearly three thousand persons." Take off about two thousand Mr. *Gazette*, and you are still above the mark.
—We shall have some interesting musical items next month.

MY BABE AND I.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

We sit on the nursery carpet,
My babe and I,
And toy-shop and gingerbread market
Our wants supply.
Oh! the houses that fall in the masking;
Oh! the treasures that double in breaking;
Kings may envy the feasts we're partaking,
My babe and I.

We're out in the soft May weather,
My babe and I;
We roll on the sward together,
When none are by.
Let no fashionist peep—it would fright him—
No philosopher—how we should spite him!
But an artist—oh! sure we'd delight him,
My babe and I.

We're down in the buttercup meadows,
My babe and I;
By the brook where the sycamore shadows
Fall tremulously.
We tear the young buds asunder,
To find if a fairy lives under,
Looking up at each other in wonder,
My babe and I.

We're up at Day's earliest glinting,
My babe and I;
To watch the first hyacinth tinting
The orient sky.
And when the young eve-star comes peeping,
To see why the roses are weeping,
Silent watch at the casement we're keeping,
My babe and I.

We nestle both heads on one pillow,
My babe and I;
And a launch on the Lethæan billow,
In unison try.
But ever sweet slumber is nearest,
To the eyes that are bluest and clearest:
Ah! we know which to angels is dearest,
My babe or I.

What reck, though our station be lowly,
My babe and I!
While Contentment and Love the holy,
Our joys supply.
We have founts of the sweetest of pleasure,
We have mines whose most precious of treasure,
Not the wealth of a kingdom could measure;
My babe and I.

We may walk in the future with sorrow,
My babe and I;
Yet Hope's ever rosy to-morrow
Shall gild the sky.
The wing that the tempest has driven,
Soars whitest and truest to Heaven;
We will trust, till the covert be given,
My babe and I.

While thus Life's best blessings we cherish,
My babe and I;
May one Hope that can fail not, nor perish,
Be fixed on high.
That when ended Life's strife and endeavor,
We may rest where no evil can sever,
In the arms of the Father forever,
My babe and I.

OTWAY CURRY.

One of the purest, truest poets of the West, was the late Otway Curry. We find a tribute to his memory in a late number of the "Genius of the West," from the pen of Contes-Kiuny. The following are the closing stanzas:

"Ohio ne'er has lost a son,
More worthy her regret;
The West has comets yet of song,—
Her planet, though, has set:
Our country weakens with the want
Of good, true men like him,
To guard her tree of liberty,
Like Eden's Cherubim.

"Earth, through her thousand million men,
May search the centuries,
Nor find a burning soul lived forth
More holy than his;
His pure life reached up into heaven,
And plucked its beauties down,—
Which death has gathered back again
To make his glory-crown."

INDEX TO VOLUME FIVE.

The index and title-page to volume five, which should have appeared in June, we give in the present number.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN DEBATER; being a plain exposition of the Principles and Practice of Public Debate; Wherein will be found an account of the Qualifications necessary to a good Deliberative Orator, as also the mode of acquiring them, the Rules of Order observed in Deliberative Assemblies; Debates in full and in outline, on various interesting topics; numerous questions for discussion; Forms of a Constitution for Debating Clubs, etc. By JAMES N. McELLIGOTT, LL. D. New York: Ivison & Phinney.

This comprehensive title gives a clear idea of the volume, which is a useful one, and cannot fail to be in demand.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN RUSSIA; or, THE RUSSIANS AT HOME. By A LADY. New York: Charles Scribner.

A very agreeable volume from the pen of an English lady who resided ten years in Russia. From such a point of view as that taken in the present work, the character of a people must be seen in many new and interesting aspects; and as a lady is the observer, the reader will not have his expectations of receiving considerable entertainment, as well as instruction, disappointed. Speaking of the Russians, the author says:—"Perhaps the Muscovite character is the most difficult of any to understand; and after living for years in Russia, it is very possible not to know the Russians. They seem, indeed, to possess two characters, each distinguished by traits diametrically opposed to those of the other. One may be considered as their private, the other as their public character; and I cannot pretend to the power of defining them. I have seen a Russian colonel, known for his excessive severity, who would witness unmoved, the terrible infliction of the knout, perfectly unable to control his tears at the mimic sorrows of a French actress. He that is mean and despicable in public life, is often kind, amiable and liberal at home. He who would be merciless and oppressive to his inferiors, is frequently affectionate to his family and sincere to his friends. The lady who would be shocked to say a petulant word to an acquaintance, would not hesitate to strike her maid."

OUR COUNTRYMEN; or, BRIEF MEMOIRS OF EMINENT AMERICANS. By BENSON J. LOSSING. Illustrated by one hundred and three portraits. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

The materials for this book, says the author, have been drawn from the annals of the United States of America, as Colonies, and as a Federal Republic. Such men have been selected as examples, who seemed to illustrate by their lives some special phase in the political, religious, or social life in our country, during its wonderful progress from its earliest settlement, until the present time. The biographies are necessarily brief, but clearly written, and points of interest selected with good judgment. As a biographical reference book, it is admirable. The portraits, over a hundred in number, are in the best style of wood engraving.

ELEMENTS OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND. By DUGALD STEWART. Revised and Abridged with Critical and Explanatory Notes, for the use of Colleges and Schools. By FRANCIS BOWEN, Alford Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in Harvard College. Boston: James Monroe & Co.

A close, strong thinker on metaphysical subjects, was Dugald Stewart. One of his chief merits is a vigorous common sense—another, a sound morality. There is at the present day in our higher schools, too little time given to strictly mental philosophy, as there was, formerly, too much. The mind, if it rests too entirely on mere outward facts, and sensual demonstrations, is apt to lose its power to rise very high into the regions of pure thought. Every one should devote some portion of his time to reading in this direction; to all inclined so to do, we would recommend this careful abridgement of Stewart.

SANDERS' YOUNG LADIES' READER; Embracing a Comprehensive Course of Instruction in the Principles of Rhetorical Reading, with a choice collection of Extracts in Metrical, both in Prose and Poetry. For the use of higher Female Seminaries; as also the higher classes in Female Schools generally. By CHARLES W. SANDERS, A. M. New York: Ivison & Phinney.

A clearly printed, and carefully selected volume, well adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. This house is issuing a most valuable series of school books. We are pleased to see that they use large type and white paper. The eyes of too many scholars have been ruined by inattention to this on the part of publishers.

THE PRACTICAL AMERICAN COOK BOOK; OR, PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC COOKERY. By A HOUSEKEEPER. New York: Appleton & Co.

A new edition of a very excellent book for housekeepers, who will find in its pages a great variety of useful suggestions for economic household affairs. Good cooking is as essential to health as sound food; and, as the ability to cook well comes no more by instinct than any other art, the study of books on culinary affairs is as necessary to a housekeeper as the study of the principles of mechanics is to an artisan. For this reason there should be a good manual of this kind in every family. It is about the cheapest investment that can be made.

BLANCHE DEARWOOD. A Tale of Modern Life. New York: Buncle & Brother.

We have not found time to read this new American novel, which is highly commended as a work of more than ordinary skill and power, by critics in whom the public have confidence. The New York *Express* pronounces it the best new novel before the public, and adds:—"In the plot and conduct of the story we do not recall another American work of the kind which displays so skilful a development, or so much art in its elaboration. From the first pages to the end, the interest is graduated with accelerating intensity—and that interest is so mainly dependent on the masterly

yet delicate disposition of the materials, that we are compelled to concede the highest merits, in these respects, to the author. The characters are few, but completely fill the scene, and they are contrasted with equal strength and harmony in the grouping. There are no shapeless crowds, or dreary wastes of dull and aimless dialogue, wandering in search of stale jokes and vague sentiment, though these are now the staple of marketable and current books. In its execution, it shows evident study of the best models of the drama, and even as tried by the exacting requirements of the stage, Blanche Dearwood will be found to rank as a first-class production."

BELL SMITH ABROAD. New York: *J. C. Derby.*

A pleasant, gossipping book of travels. We have so many of these, that it is difficult to classify them, or point out their particular claim to notice. Nearly every one possessing a fair portion of literary ability, who goes abroad, takes notes, and then writes and publishes a book. As the ground has been travelled so often, editors can hardly be tempted to go over it by any new path; and, therefore, rarely glance beyond the title page of a book of European notings.

TRAVELS IN THE CHINESE EMPIRE. By M. Huc, author of "Recollections of a Journey through Tartary and Thibet." 2 vols. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

The public know the author already, and favorably, by his Travels in Tartary and Thibet. He now comes before them in a work of greater importance and interest. Few Europeans have enjoyed such favorable opportunities as M. Huc for becoming acquainted with the habits, government, and manners and customs of the Chinese. During the journey, a record of which is presented in these volumes, which took him through the very heart of the empire, he was under the immediate protection of the Emperor, travelling in all the pomp of a high government functionary. During a previous residence of fourteen years in various parts of China, he came into familiar intercourse with all classes, but more especially with the poor, and saw them in all their social, political and domestic relations. His knowledge of the Chinese is, therefore, of an extensive character, and his book, in consequence, most valuable. It forms a contribution to literature of a most desirable character, as every reader will at once perceive.

AMERICAN MISCELLANY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE. By FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH. Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

We have two more volumes of this excellent series of books for children. A leading merit in "Woodworth's American Miscellany," is the large amount of useful information it contains. This is conveyed in a clear, familiar style, and in well-chosen language. Among our own children, this series is a special favorite, and we are asked a dozen times between the appearance of one volume and another, when "Woodworth's Miscellany" is coming again.

HISTORY FOR BOYS; OR, ANNALS OF THE NATIONS OF MODERN EUROPE. By JNO. G. EDGAR. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

The true way to study history is to begin with an outline of the leading events recorded of the nation or country about which information is desired. After these are clearly arranged, the more particular facts as they are learned will fall into their right places, and retain in the mind their just relation to all the other facts. Whoever studies history in this way, will not be troubled by that confusion of dates, and confounding of eras and personages, which so many experience. The volume now before us is valuable, as giving a brief outline of the history of all the modern states of Europe. We could have wished that later and almost cotemporary events had been more clearly stated.

THE MISSING BRIDE; OR, MIRIAM, THE AVENGER. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson.*

One of Mrs. Southworth's powerfully written, highly dramatic stories, handsomely printed in a volume of over six hundred pages. We wish the author, with her fine talents, would develop in some of her characters a higher moral purpose. We fear the books she writes will not make the world any better. We wish it were not so. Such high ability ought to worship its Giver, in seeking to do His work among the children of men.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL MISCELLANIES. By GEORGE BANCROFT. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

We have here brought together in a single octavo volume, a number of fine papers on various subjects, written at different times, from 1824 to 1854. Their range is literary, philosophical, metaphysical and historical. The article on the "Wars of Russia and Turkey," written in 1828, will attract the reader's attention, in consequence of the present aspect of affairs in the East. The simple announcement of such a volume from the pen of the able historian of his country, is sufficient to ensure a large demand.

DICKENS' COMPLETE WORKS.

Mr. T. B. Peterson, of this city, is now issuing a uniform edition of these popular works, in various styles, from the cheapest to the most costly. Several of the volumes, freely illustrated, have found their way to our table.

LIFE OF SAM HOUSTON. Illustrated. New York: *J. C. Derby.*

The romance of real life may here be read in pages of strong interest. Houston is one of the remarkable men of our day, and has seen about as much of active life, and been moved by as strong excitements, as any one of his time. The story of his adventures will find a large circle of readers.

TALES FOR THE MARINES. By HARRY GRINGO. Author of "Les Gringos." Boston: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

A volume of sea stories and adventures that will find many readers among the lovers of the marvellous.

THE FASHIONS.

No very material changes in styles of dress prevail at this season. The same variety in costume is still a noticeable feature; and ladies consult their own tastes quite as much as plates of fashion—a commendable innovation. We give two engravings of mantillas and bonnets, with accompanying descriptions.

CAPS.—Fig. 1 for morning wear, is rather more elaborate than is usual for early in the day. It is designed for watering-places, or when entertaining visitors before dinner. The frill, it will be noticed, is quite full, and entirely encircles the face, though raised from it by a knot of the same ribbon used to ornament the cap, which may be of any becoming shade.

Fig. 2 is a lighter and more graceful style, better suited to a young matron. It is composed of lace, either Maltese, Guipure, or broad Valenciennes, separated by bows of rich ribbon, with a pearly edge to correspond to the point of the lace.

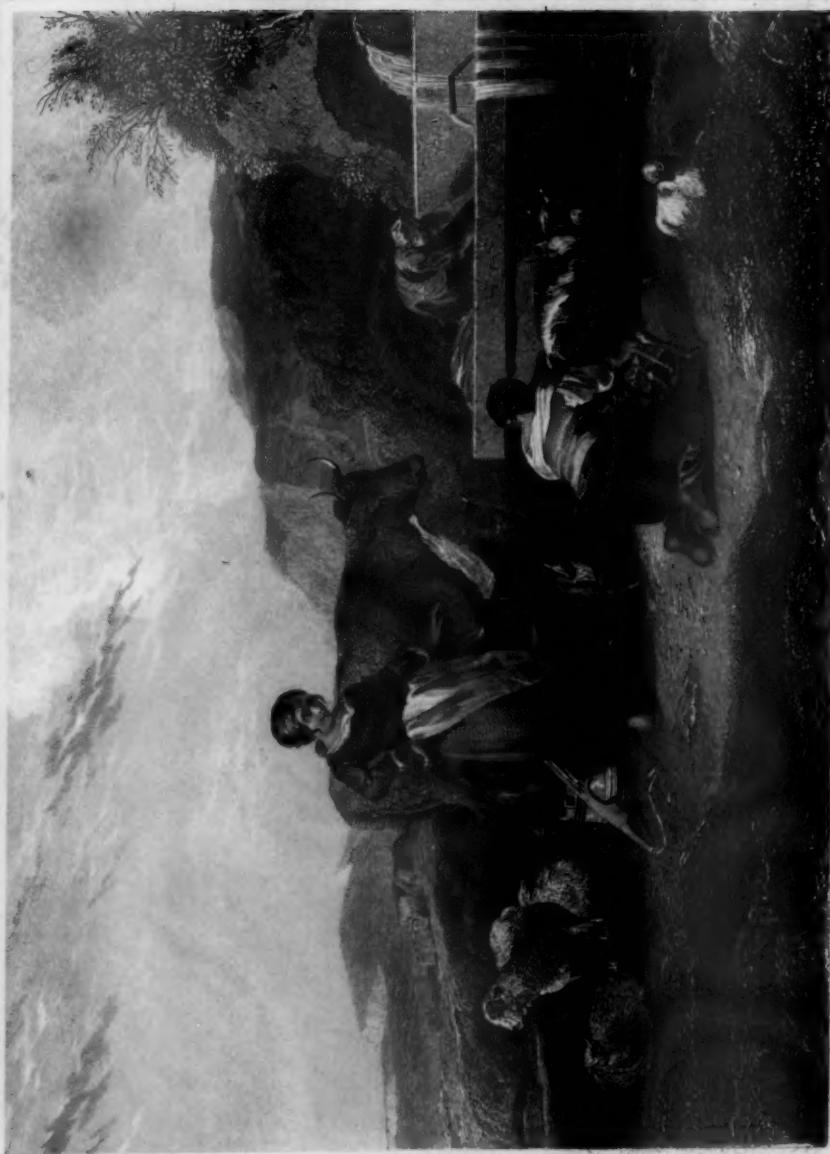
MUSLIN JACKET.—This is intended for full dress, to be worn with a low, short-sleeved corsage. It consists of sleeves, pelerine, chemisette, and basque, united in one. The material is white Swiss muslin, puffed; the puffs divided by bands of inserting. On the sleeves each puff has a full of embroidered muslin bouncing, corresponding to the double flounce which falls over the shoulders and also forms the basque. A bow of pink, blue, or straw-colored ribbon, fastens each puff of the sleeves, and the point of the pelerine.

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Engraved by F. Bruegel

THE WAYSIDE FOUNTAIN.

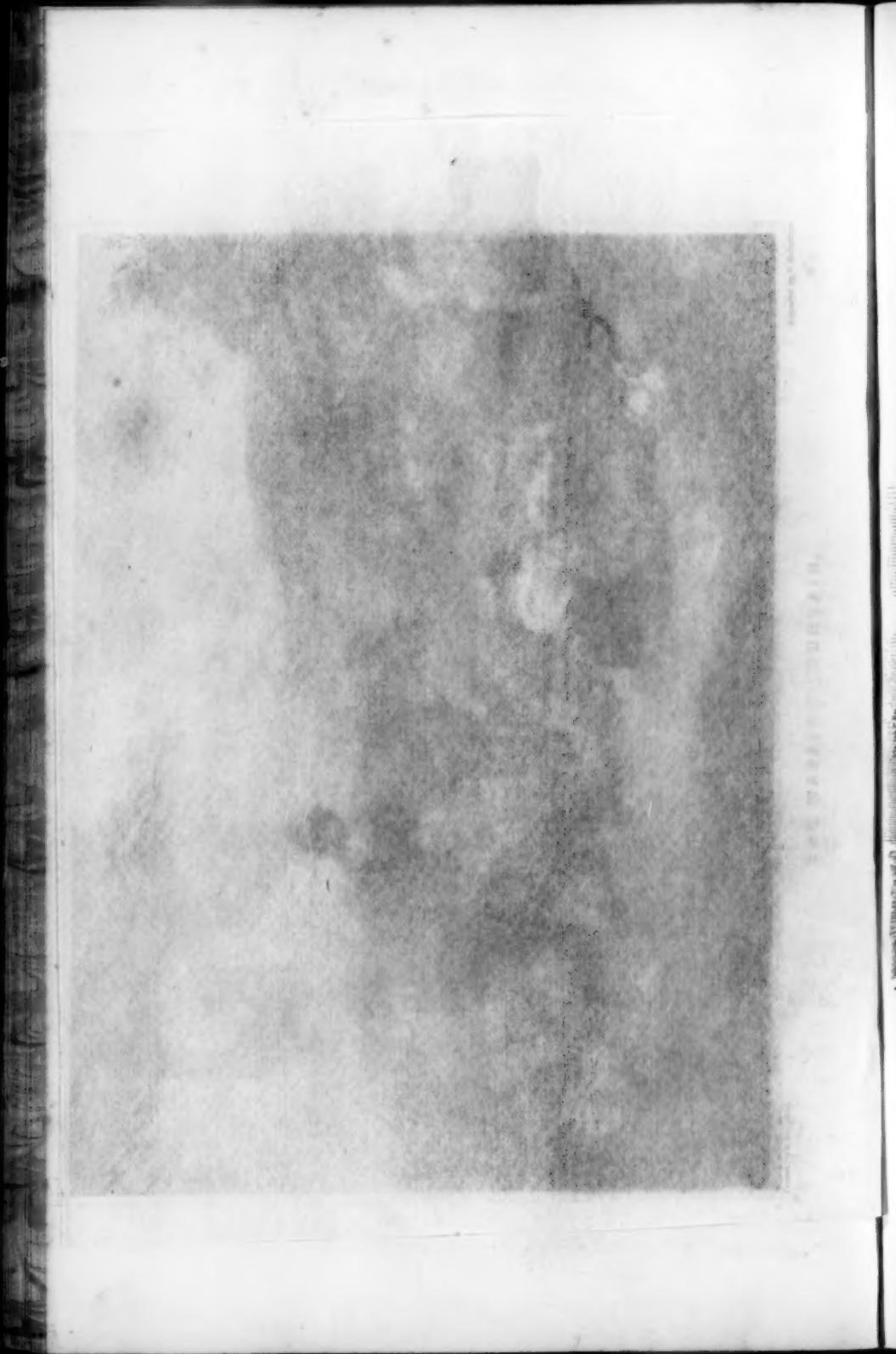
Engraved by F. Bruegel





S H U T T E R

[See page 162.]





THE TRUFFLE HUNTER.

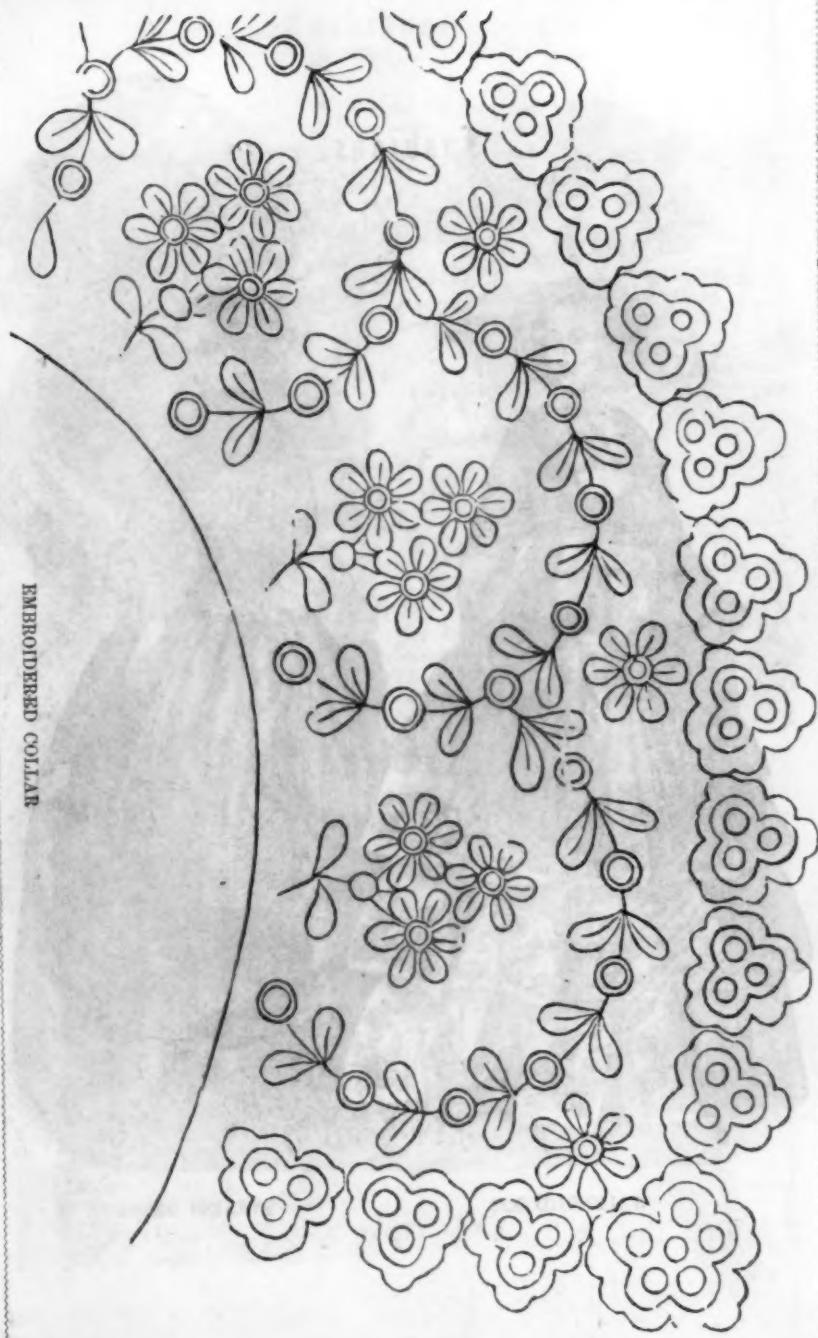
[See page 102.]



[See page 94.

WHITE OR BARN OWLS.

EMBROIDERED COLLAR



*fashious.*



WALKING DRESS.

EVENING DRESS.

*fashions.*



YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS.

No. 1.



CHEMISSETTE.

No. 2.



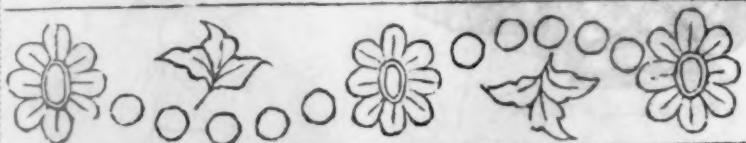
BREAKFAST CAPS.



## Needlework Patterns.



INSERTING IN BROIDERIE ANGLAISE.



INSERTING FOR UNDERSLEEVES.



VINE PATTERN INSERTING.

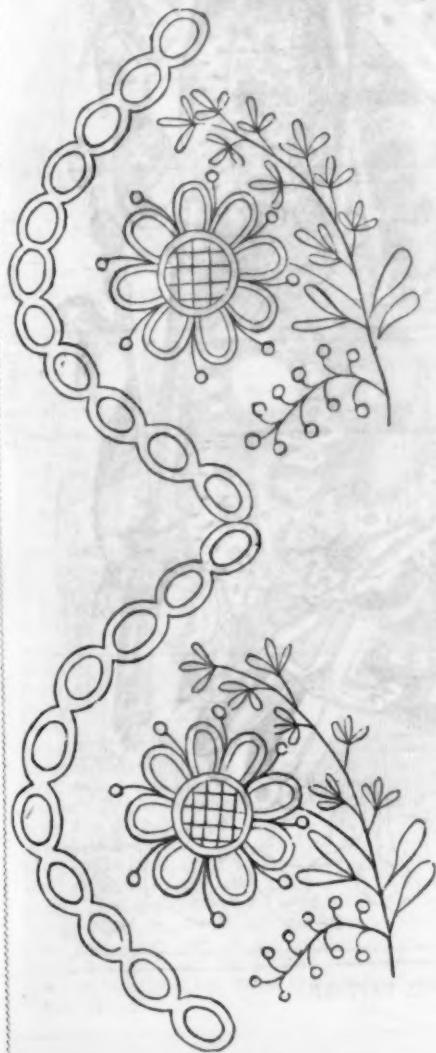


THE TENDRIL PATTERN.

## Patterns for Needlework.



FOR CHILD'S BASQUE.



FLOURCING FOR SLEEVES.



PATTERN FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.

[See page 109.]

THE ENGLISH REGALIA.

